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**CAN GOD—?**

"10,000 MILES OF MIRACLE IN  
BRITAIN"

BY

J. EDWIN ORR

Can God furnish a table in 'the wilderness?

—*Pt. 78, v. 19.*



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## INTRODUCTION

MANY readers will be asking questions regarding the identity of the unknown young author of this unique book. As an intimate friend of his, it is a particular pleasure to be permitted to say what a blessing his companionship and testimony have been to me. This impression is shared by others with whom he has come in contact. *Dr. D. M. McIntyre* (Principal of the Bible Training Institute, Glasgow), writes: "I have met Mr. J. Edwin Orr on several occasions, and was much impressed by his earnestness and sincerity. His zeal in stimulating prayer for Divine quickening within the Church is worthy of all praise."

Few people so young as the author have had such an amazing experience of Divine Providence, and still fewer could pen such an attractive testimony as is here related. "The story of God's dealings," writes *Mr. Frederick P. Wood* (National Young Life Campaign), "which Mr. Orr has recorded in his book, should prove a great inspiration to all who read it. . . . In these days of abounding evil, when all who serve Christ in the work of evangelization are up against opposing forces of great magnitude, his testimony should deepen their prayer life, enlarge their faith, intensify their zeal and confirm their confidence in the ultimate victory of the cause of Christ."

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*Mr. Hugh Logan* (Principal of Ormeau Park School) states that "from his boyhood I have known Edwin Orr, one of a very remarkable family, whose members were (I think) the most intelligent pupils that ever passed through our classrooms. To my mind, Edwin was the most outstanding, showing a high order of talent coupled with the latent religious reserve which was fostered by the fervent spiritual atmosphere of his home. When one remembers that his parents originated from Mid-Antrim—where began the great revival of 1859—it is indeed unique to find this young man filled with a desire to bring about, under God, another such spiritual awakening."

Not least in value is his mother's testimony. "I yearned for the more abundant life in Christ and surrendered all to Him just before my son Edwin was born. It may be that the Lord took me at my word by leading him out into His service. . . . I am sorry that at first I wanted him to stay at home, but I can now say that Edwin has been more concerned about my needs than his own, and I have not lacked."

If prayer is answered so wonderfully in the life of one, surely GOD CAN—by the prayers of many—turn the world upside down. This is a challenge to the church of to-day.

*Rev. W. H. Aldis* (Home Director, China Inland Mission) feels "that the book contains a real message for the hour, especially in what the author says in regard to the urgent need for revival, and the glorious possibility of seeing such a revival in our day. I trust that its publication may stir up many of God's people to pray earnestly and persistently for revival, and that they may be willing to take whatever steps

may be necessary in their own lives to prepare the way of the Lord."

This is, perhaps, an unusual way of introducing an author, but, after all, it is an unusual book. I am sure that when you have read it you will agree that the answer to the title *Can God*—? is found in the reading of the book itself.

CANTAB.



*Author's Preface to the Sixth Edition*

It is with a humble thankfulness that the author has heard of conversions and revival through the ministry of this book and succeeding volumes.

He would like to make one point quite clear so that its ministry may continue without the slightest harmful misunderstanding. Nowhere has he stated or implied that any reader should imitate his particular life of day-to-day dependence. To quote *The Promise is to You* (the third volume of the series), "But if one has no apparent call to full-time service, one has every right to feel—provided one is fully surrendered—that the place fitted now in business life is the place of God's appointment." The narrative of this book was written to demonstrate how the Lord in exceptional circumstances gave unusual answers to prayer. It was not written to make any Christian feel dissatisfied if miracles did not occur in his daily routine, but rather to encourage the reader to ask believingly according to his needs of God's blessing.

J. E. O.

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## CAN GOD—?

### CHAPTER I

#### REASONABLE SERVICE

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, your reasonable service.

"And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable, and perfect will of God"—Romans xiii. 1-2.

SHADOWS were deepening one evening in the month of May, 1932, when two young men—a chauffeur and a clerk—were discussing the power of the prayer of faith. They had just returned from Gospel efforts in some of the most difficult streets in the city of Belfast; the work was arduous and perplexing and they were both inexperienced, thus compelling them to seek greater blessing and making their work largely experimental.

But both of the young men were earnest in their desire to be used of the Lord Whom they loved, hence the outcome of that evening's conversation was a covenant which bound them to pray for a band of twenty-four young men—wholly yielded to the Lord and eager to work for revival. The clerk

agreed to keep a record of prayer requests and answers. The Lord did answer, for one by one, keen young men were welcomed to this fellowship for revival. The open-air work went forward by leaps and bounds until it became absorbed by the larger-scale preparatory efforts which preceded the Belfast Youth Evangelistic Campaign.

After much blessing the Campaign came to an end in Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher's farewell meeting, during which a statement was made which greatly challenged the leader of the prayer band. It was a claim that God had been answering prayer for fifty-two years. Quite impulsively, he took out the little note-book that had been used for the record of prayer requests and answers, an examination of the details revealing the fact that all the prayer requests had been answered—*except one*. It was more amazing still to find that the one unanswered expectation had been fulfilled during the previous meeting by the conversion of the young man specified. It was a cause for joy; it was a challenge! and the challenge was accepted two days later when the clerk and the chauffeur commenced to pray for 2,400 consecrated lives as an instrument for revival. Neither of them realised what was involved in that prayer—but God heard and answered, for the outcome of that challenge was the Revival Fellowship, a movement now being used of God throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

The first representative meeting of the movement was unforgettable. In the early New Year of 1933, the Church House was the meeting-place of a band of enthusiastic young men in touch with the various prayer-groups in the city. The Lord was

there also, and so much was His presence felt that it was proposed that the Chairman's seat should be left vacant, thereby reminding the delegates that He was Convener and President. The atmosphere of the gathering was supercharged with praise and prayer, and every question during the discussion was submitted to the Lord in prayer.

Owing to the present bewildering multiplicity of organisations, the delegates decided not to form a new organisation, feeling rather that the need of the day was sanctified personality. Consequently the Revival Fellowship was established as a Prayer Union with the minimum of organisation necessary to mobilise intelligent prayer, and a hearty invitation was extended to any believer who responded to the challenge, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God—your reasonable service." The Lord gave the increase during the months that followed, for Bible Classes, Prayer Meetings, Christian Endeavour Societies, whole churches accepted the challenge and joined in prayer for revival. By Eastertime, the prayer for 2,400 consecrated lives was answered.

The support of these Christians was gained simply by stating that the object was to clear the channels for revival by the preaching of full surrender and by the mobilisation of prayer for all the Prayer, Bible Study, and Evangelistic activities of the Evangelical churches and organizations.

The Fellowship held that sound doctrine would precede any true revival, so without stressing denominational distinctions, they emphasised their absolute reliance upon the atoning work of Christ and the final authority of Holy Scripture. Needless

to say, they also emphasised the work and power of the Holy Spirit, Whose outpouring is earnestly expected.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, the young leaders were able to pour out their gratitude to the Lord for the obvious success of the movement. In their determination to avoid organisation they were sorely tempted. It was their policy to direct activities resulting from increased prayer into the channels of existent effort. Consequently, other organisations got credit which they certainly did not grudge; but critics took the opportunity of belittling a work which could not be seen with the eyes of flesh. One blessing which helped to silence them was the success of the open-air work. This was being sadly neglected, so after praying through, the Revival Fellowship was used of the Lord to gather a thousand young folk, mostly Endeavourers, for a simultaneous Open-air Campaign in a dozen centres throughout the city of Belfast. Decisions were the result.

But the real work began with the issue of the first prayer bulletin. Being interested in the China Inland Mission and knowing the value of "China's Millions" in relation to the work in China, the writer felt that this principle of informed intercession applied to work at home as well as abroad. So news was collected from all parts and readers were asked to pray intelligently for revival. God's Word means what it says when it reads: "He heareth us," for there was double blessing in the North of Ireland area during the winter months which followed.

It was a time of great blessing and spiritual deepening to the young leaders—all in their twenties.

The Lord was demanding more and more of their love and service. The writer was privileged to be the clerk whose prayers were answered. "Blessed be the Lord: He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him."

But these demands showed me that I was not all that I should have been. Responsibility in a work for God erects a target for our Adversary's darts—and I was unequal to the strain. But the matter was settled once and for all, for at midnight on the 14th August, I received of the Lord all that I sought for—the fulness of the Holy Spirit.

I shall never forget it, for it was the greatest moment in my life. Satan had greatly hindered me since my decision at the early age of nine. But the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. With this comfort came the disquieting vision of a perishing world and a glimpse of Calvary, making me seek Faith to meet the Challenge.

At that time our young leaders were of one mind about the future. The Revival Fellowship, without multiplying meetings, was becoming a blessing in the province of Ulster,—and why not elsewhere? It was our united prayer that the Lord would release me from my home duties—Mother being dependent on my income—and that I should endeavour on a world wide scale to link up Christians in fruitful prayer for Revival. The answer *seemed* to come in an offer (made to me in London) of a guaranteed income for myself and my mother. I went home to Belfast and gave notice in business, telling my superior that I had received a "call from God." The following day a letter arrived



from London through which I gathered that the offer had not materialised. . . . I was at the end of myself.

No one can ever realise how many demons of despair tormented me. I thought of my widowed mother's dependence on me; on the other hand I refused to retract my statement to my employers, for nothing could convince me that it was not a call from God. In the end Faith triumphed, and I decided to obey the call. Some verses which I wrote express how I felt:

"A burden light I do not ask,  
Nor easy way in every task,  
For all I seek, Lord is to be,  
At peace with Thee.

"I seek not ease from every care;  
I find I need a load to bear  
To keep my will in harmony,  
Controlled by Thee.

"Nor would I cry for sunshine bright,  
When troubled clouds obscure the light,  
The glory of Thy face I see,  
Continually.

"O test me, Lord, if that I need—  
Thou wilt not break a bruised reed:  
In every state, content I'll be,  
If I have Thee.

"On Calvary the work was done;  
Thou gavest up Thine only Son;  
I'll spend Thy gift, Eternity,  
In praising Thee."

*We are exhorted to be rich in faith, but if any exigency leaves us bankrupt, we are not very wealthy after all.* My zeal had cut me off, and very few of my friends said, "The Lord be with you!" But believing God, I made preparations to leave for the world tour. I gave all my money to Mother, promised to support her in the future, and commended her to the Lord.

On September 28th, 1933, I arrived in Liverpool with my old bicycle as a future means of transport. In Birkenhead I met a Rover Scout pal of mine, to whom I related the story of events which had led up to my arrival there. He was a hard-headed materialist, and his attitude was an expected mixture of bewilderment and compassion.

"How much money have you in hand?" he asked. (The warmth of our friendship permitted the query.)

"Two shillings and eightpence farthing," I said.

"But where will you sleep to-night?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"How will you get your next meal?"

"I don't know that either."

"And where are you going to?"

"I've no idea!"

"Well, Edwin," he said ruefully, "you describe this as a 'call from God.' I call it a bit of rotten luck, I do!"

"Frank," I replied, "my Father in heaven knows all about my funds, and He will provide my next meal and bed—why should I worry?"

"I don't understand it all, Edwin. Those sort of things simply don't happen nowadays. How far do you hope to travel this week?"

"Two hundred miles," I ventured.

This was too much for Frank.

"If you manage to do it," he exploded, "it will be two hundred miles of miracle. But it is impossible."

"There is nothing impossible to God," I asserted. "Besides, I hope to visit every part of Britain in a year."

He made a quick calculation.

"Well, chummy," he said, "best of luck! Either you're a terrible fool about it all, or else it's going to be ten thousand miles of miracle, Edwin."

An hour later I was cycling down the road to nowhere, convinced that it led to everywhere.

## CHAPTER II

### THE ROAD TO EMMAUS

THE two disciples on the road to Emmaus were possessors of sad hearts and minds stupefied by the incomprehensible turn of events at Jerusalem. But the dull clouds vanished when Jesus Himself drew near and opened the Scriptures to them. Then they realised that the Lord had risen indeed, and that He was clothed in resurrection power.

Far too many Christians have avoided the experience of the road to Emmaus. Our faith is too theoretical, too shaky; we do not comprehend the ordinary happenings of life; we are sad when our hearts should be glad; we merit the rebuke "O fools, and slow of heart to believe—"

But when our hope is down to zero, when tears are not far away, when we imagine that God is asleep—the Risen Christ draws near and our hearts burn within us while He talks to us by the way. It is only then we can truly say, "Master, abide with us."

Some hours after I left Birkenhead, I began to realise what I had done. Here I was in England, a lonely young Irishman, without any prospects ahead, and without even the money to return to Belfast. I began to think of the home I had left,

of the parting with friends, of the hopeless outlook, developing that peculiar complaint called "lump in the throat." I was miserable, and Satan was making the most of my misery. Just then a quiet voice seemed to say, "Do you believe the promises of God?"

"Of course I do," I said to myself. Oh! what joy came into my heart at that moment. Not long afterwards I prayed for the opportunity of witnessing for God that day; an hour later, I addressed a Women's meeting in a church in Chester where I was absolutely unknown; two hours later I enjoyed a hearty meal with the leader, a saintly woman who has since become one of my dearest friends. I was offered a night's hospitality by this newly adopted mother, but I declined, saying that I felt that the Lord wanted me to push on to Shrewsbury (or somewhere near there) in Salop.

A quarter of an hour later, I regretted the refusal, for rain commenced to fall heavily. I asked the Lord to enable me in some mysterious way to reach Shrewsbury, forty miles to the south, without getting wet. Before I had time to realise how impossible was that request, a young lorry-driver on the road mistook me for Bert Cook, a pal of mine from Northampton, 100 miles away! He gave me a lift to Wellington, and I had the joy of pointing him to Christ on the way. It was 11 p.m. when I arrived at the Column in Shrewsbury, and the next problem was bed and breakfast! So I spied a policeman on night duty, and was soon asking him where I could obtain reasonable accommodation for the night, explaining to him that I was an evangelist.

"How am I to know that you are genuine?" was one of his questions.

So I took out my pocket-book, and picked one of six letters of recommendation given me by leaders in various denominations in Belfast. This one was signed "William Phillips."

The constable perused it carefully, and then shook hands very warmly. Not only was he a Christian, but he was also a *friend of Mr. Phillips*. I praise God always for introducing me to such a circle of devoted friends in Shrewsbury, of whom the best is my friend in the force, Constable Maule. "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

On the following day another remarkable thing happened. I set off for my friends in Northampton, knowing well that they would be pleased to put me up for a night. But, unfortunately, my old bicycle broke down in Coventry, its former home! It seemed almost impossible to tear it away from the scenes of its infancy, consequently I arrived in Rugby at an hour so late that it was preposterous to cycle to Northampton. So I prayed a very direct prayer: "Father, I don't know a soul here, but I'm sure You do, so please arrange for me!"

The first man to whom I spoke proved to be rather soaked in alcohol, but he directed me to make my inquiries at the house of a local minister. It so happened that this dear pastor had just finished reading about some queer rogue who was imposing on ministers all over the country, and horror of horrors, I seemed to fit the description given in the periodical. But my Father doesn't recognise difficulties of any kind. I enjoyed a lovely bed in

the pastor's house, and addressed a fellowship meeting at 6.45 on the following morning. He very nicely told the assembled young folk that they had entertained the Lord's messenger unawares.

Such experiences happened daily on my journey south, and I reached London safely. Here my problems were multiplied—where was I to stay?—what about the weekly instalment for mother? In a most remarkable way I met my old friend, T. B. Rees (now working with the C.S.S.M.), and helped him in his evangelistic work in a North London parish. Owing to the kindness of the vicar's wife (one of the sweetest Irishwomen I have ever met) that vicarage became a "home from home," and the vicar a firm friend.

I remember, one Sunday night in the vicarage, kneeling at midnight to ask the Lord for the instalment of money to send home to mother. I wrote the letter, addressed it, and left it open, asking the Lord to send the amount before 11 a.m. At breakfast on the following day the maid left a letter beside my plate. I picked it up. It was addressed to Mr. Hoare (Cockney for Orr!) and inside was an anonymous note. "I feel that it is the will of Jesus to send you this," with the exact amount for which I prayed. Week by week, the Lord sent this money, and I felt greatly encouraged.

On another occasion, the three-speed control wire on my bicycle broke into two parts. I called at the nearest bicycle shop, and found it would cost 9d. As I had only 3d., I walked back and tried to fix it with a piece of string. The experiment was unsuccessful, so I started for the shop, praying all the way. Before I arrived there, I found a

shilling propped up against the kerbstone of one of the busiest roads in North London!<sup>1</sup>

Many opportunities for service came my way, and I made the best of them. I had the joy of leading many young men of my own age to decision for Christ, and it is an abiding joy to hear of their continued progress. But of course my special ministry was to believers, preaching and pleading for full surrender. Quite often I used to preface my message with a word of testimony, and this always helped to endorse the appeal. I am glad to recall many instances of Christians who were blessed by a testimony which glorified Christ. Many of them received the fulness of the Spirit.

I started for my first journey round the British Isles on October 24th. I had only 4½d. and I estimated the cost at £15 all told. I arrived in Dublin early one morning, and although I did not know a single Dubliner, the Lord provided wonderfully. I had an interesting time speaking to the Irish Baptist College students (Principal Harold Spurgeon) and left Dublin on the evening of the 26th. I had not my bicycle with me, and as my total funds were 2s. 6d., it seemed impossible to take the train to Belfast, one hundred miles north. I think that it was Billy Bray who said, "If God tells you to jump through a wall, it is your duty to jump at it!" On the way to the Great Northern Station, the Lord provided the necessary money, using as the means a Christian who knew less about me than I did about him—and that was nothing!

<sup>1</sup> It has been suggested that this rather exceptional mode of supply was unmoral and illegal. The author however has been assured by independent legal opinions that he was thoroughly justified in adapting the find to his needs.



From Belfast I crossed over to Glasgow, where I went to see Rev. H. Turner, whose address had been given me at breakfast one morning in London. He was extremely interested—to put it mildly; and before I left, he happened to ask which church I had attended in Belfast. My reply revealed to both of us that when last he had seen me, he had nursed me on his knee, a little boy of five! He had been one of my late father's best friends, but strange to say our names had conveyed nothing to one another. The fact that I had met him, of all the Christians in Glasgow, was most encouraging, as was a similar "coincidence" which happened immediately afterwards in Edinburgh.

At Berwick-on-Tweed I had a terrible test of faith. All doors seemed to be closed against me, and my funds were down to 1s. 9d. What was I to do? In desperation, after spending 5d. on a fish supper, I started at 10 p.m. to walk the three hundred miles to London. I commended my life to the Lord, knowing full well that it would take me ten days to reach London and wondering how long sixteen pence would last. I shall never forget the bitter cold of that night on the Northumbrian roads; it made me realise that I would not be worth much if I sat down for a rest. I prayed for a lift.

Next moment a party in a car, returning from a theatre, mistook me for an old friend of theirs, and gave me a lift south. At 1 o'clock, and at 3 o'clock, I got other lifts, and arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne at 4 a.m. I was exhausted. I asked the nearest policeman where I could get a sleep, and he took me to a tramps' boarding house—not very select, but the only place which was open—where

I paid 6d. for a bed. I had said that I would not object to sharing my bed with someone else, but I did not bargain for over one hundred bedmates in a single bed, each one too small to see! It was then that I realised the meaning of Byron's words, "There is society where none intrudes." Anyhow, I kept on my top-coat, hoped for deliverance from the attacks of my enemies, and slept the sleep of the just.

In Newcastle, I discovered my uncle whom I had not seen for a long time, and was taken up to Stocksfield for a visit to my cousins. Eventually I arrived in London on a furniture van, and was then able to complete a journey of over one thousand miles with 4½d. Praise the Lord!

December 1st, 1933, found me in Stocksfield-on-Tyne again. I had spoken in the local church, and was getting ready to leave via Carlisle and Liverpool for London, where I had arranged with Mr. Godfrey Buxton to speak in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, at the P.L.P. Meetings. Whilst I was praying about the journey across Lancashire, my memory of Belfast came before me very vividly. Ten weeks before, on the Sunday preceding my original venture of faith, I had attended the evening service in Bethany church (Belfast), where, to my surprise, a Lancashire minister spoke on "Venturing out on Faith," and made such an impression on me that I vowed there and then to tell him *one day* what God had done for me.

Before I left Stocksfield, I told my aunt that I hoped to meet this minister in Lancashire. I was unable to remember his name, or his address, or his church, or his denomination, or *anything* save that he was from Lancashire and wore a black bow! My aunt was amused.

That night at 10.30 I reached Carlisle, being delayed by a puncture when crossing the Pennine Ridge. Satan tried to tell me that I would be out all night again as at Berwick-on-Tweed, and I told him that he was a liar from the beginning. The verse that occurred to me was "seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." And the Lord provided in Carlisle.

*The following evening at 8 p.m. I was preaching the Gospel to a big crowd in the market place at St. Helens, Lancashire. The speaker following was the man with the black bow! How we met was more wonderful still, for my aunt had given me the address of a friend of hers, and when I looked him up, I found that he was the minister who had spoken in Belfast.*

On the way down to London I decided to cycle all night, leaving Chester at 1 a.m. When passing through Nantwich, I was stopped by the police as a suspicious character! They wanted to know what I was doing on the roads at 4 a.m., where I was going, etc. So quite mischievously I told them that I had *no fixed abode and no visible means of support!* They then asked me what my profession was, whereupon I said that I was an evangelist. The constable, eyeing my guitar, remarked to the sergeant, "I think he must be a street singer." I asked if they would let me prove that I was an evangelist and, on being given permission, preached the Gospel to them for twenty minutes. *They let me go!* All night and all next day I was on the road, arriving in time for the meeting in London.

I had been a fortnight away, during which time

I had not sent any money home to mother. When I got settled down I prayed for two weeks' instalments and a certain sum for personal needs. The sum which I needed for myself arrived in the usual miraculous way, but nothing arrived for Belfast. I was puzzled and gave myself to prayer day after day about the matter. Imagine my surprise when a letter reached me, written by a comparative stranger, to say that he had sent mother a certain sum in my absence—and that sum was equal to two weeks' contribution to the house!

A week later I had an experience which I am not likely to forget. I had run short of notepaper with the title "Revival Fellowship," so I called on a local printer and asked him for an estimate. He quoted 15s. 6d., whereupon I told him that when I had the money in hand I would give him the order. He told me that this was unnecessary, but I waited until the Lord sent 15s. 6d. in answer to prayer. The printer then went ahead with the order, and when I called to collect the parcel I offered to pay him. He did not seem to be in any hurry for his dues, so I made a compromise with my conscience—I paid him 10s. on the spot and used the remainder for current expenses. For many days after that I was penniless, which fact made me pray and think. I realised that I had done two things wrong—firstly, I had contracted debt, and secondly, I had misappropriated funds which were earmarked for a specific purpose. Prayer and penitence brought the amount needed to settle the debt, and I settled it post haste.

My friend, Will Hopkins of Gravesend, had asked me to spend the Christmas holidays at his home.

I set off for Kent, praying that the Lord would confirm the rebuke against debt and misappropriation in such a way that I could make it a guiding principle for the remainder of my days. When I arrived at Gravesend, Mr. Hopkins had gone out to take charge of an open-air meeting, so I sank into an easy chair and picked up a book from the table. . . . It was the life of George Müller, of Bristol, lying open at page 76. On that page it said that Mr. Müller's habit of life was "*never to contract debt,*" and that he regarded any money which was in his hands "*already designated for, or appropriated to, a specific use as not his own to use even temporarily for any other ends.*"

On the way to Gravesend my antiquated old bicycle broke down. I discovered that it would need new back rims, new three-speed gear, new pedals, new crank, new tyres, new tubes, new carrier, and sundry other parts. I felt that it would be wisest to pray for a new machine, for my total balance-in-hand was one farthing, and I knew that if I spent *that* there would be no change! I prayed for either a good machine, or else the money to buy one.

Next day was Christmas Eve, Sunday. I had the privilege of delivering the Christmas sermons in a beautiful church at Hornchurch, Essex. Imagine my amazement when a deacon, who knew nothing of my prayer or my need of a bicycle, met me on the pulpit steps and wanted to know if I would accept the gift of a bicycle which had cost £20. Needless to say, I took it and gave thanks to God.

The year of our Lord 1933 was fast drawing to a close. At such times most humans are prone to retrospect, and in my case it filled me with a deep sense of contentment. I had travelled thousands of miles preaching the Gospel, winning men for Christ, pleading with Christians to surrender their all to the Lord, and urging intercessors to intensify their prayers for Revival. But the greatest joy of all was in getting to know the Lord in a sense hitherto undreamed of. I could thank Him for providing for my loved ones at home, and for meeting my every need. He never let me down once, no, *not once*. And what was true in material things was more than true in a spiritual sense. I was conscious of the Abiding Presence, "Lo, I am with you alway."

But I was far from satisfied. Although I could say that the Lord had done exceeding abundantly above all that I could ask or think, I wanted to see the work of mobilising prayer consolidated. I determined, therefore, to go back to Belfast and arrange for the proper working of the movement there; and then to pray for its extension right throughout the world.

Once I was lost, but Jesus said,  
"Come sinner, follow Me!"  
Now, in His footsteps, I am led  
By Grace so full and free.

When I was bound, the Saviour loosed  
My bonds and bade me go:  
Now, stronger bonds on me are used,  
The cords of Love I know.

Since I've been freed from curse of sin  
By His abounding Grace,  
What joy and peace are centred in  
The glory of His face.

Was it for me the Saviour died  
On darkened Calvary?  
Then would I say, "Lord, by Thy side  
I'll live and die for Thee."

Whilst hanging there upon the tree,  
Dying, He cried, "I thirst,"  
Thirsting for souls He died to free  
From sin and death accursed.

"Lord, let me bring Thy heart's desire,  
Uttered in agony;  
Pour down on me Thy Spirit's fire  
To lead men to Calvary!"

"Glad am I now to do Thy will,  
A bondsman glad to be;  
Whom shall I send? Thou'rt whispering still—  
Here am I, Lord, send me!"

J.E.O.

### CHAPTER III

#### IRELAND FOR CHRIST

ON the morning of the 6th of January, 1934, I stood upon the deck of the good ship *Ulster Queen* as she ploughed her way to Belfast Lough. What a pleasure it was to view the panorama before me—the Mountains of Antrim, the Hills of Down, and the grey-blue Waters of Moyle. Ulstermen are fortunate that Mother Ulster possesses such a lovely dwelling-place, a house of beauty which her sons can show to visitors.

But can a Christian ever forget that the Emerald Isle is the home of millions of souls in bondage to superstition and sin? The joy of homecoming is always tempered by the continual sorrow of heart "for I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my kinsmen."

Nevertheless I was grateful to God for permitting me to complete a dangerous journey through fog and cold, day and night, across the girth of England. As soon as I had reached home, I found many opportunities to witness for the Lord, both privately and publicly; consequently I was as busy as ever. "Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise all the day"; and in telling my friends what God had done for me, I boasted in God all the day long. Most of them believed theoretically the promise of Philippians iv. 19: but its practical fulfilment



started them. It was a joy to hear folks who had predicted the workhouse for me, praise the "God Who performed all things for me."

In one place, I had a happy experience. Billy Brice, one of my friends who was determined to emphasise the work of the Holy Spirit, invited me to speak at one of his meetings. The scripture given me was from the introduction to the gospel of Luke "that Thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou has been instructed." But first of all there was earnest prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, Who fell on one and all in an amazing way, the message being delivered with a power certainly not my own. Praise God for many decisions recorded that night. One man had entered the meeting using foul language and under the influence of drink. The Spirit convicted him of sin, and he found his way into the enquiry room. This drunkard was weeping like a child when I spoke to him, and he said,

"I'm a leper with drink and sin—you wouldn't speak to me if you knew me."

"There's no case too hard for the Lord," I replied. Five minutes later, he wiped his wet face and said "I believe I'm saved!" I saw him back again at subsequent meetings—at first I did not recognize him, his personal appearance was so much improved. Many young children sought the Lord that night. As I was born again on my ninth birthday, I have every confidence in early decisions. Many evangelists discourage the young, thinking that they are not quite responsible. Is not the Lord able to keep all that the little mites commit to Him? "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

For months following, the Lord answered Brice's prayers in a wonderful way. He started prayer meetings at six o'clock in the morning, and though his critics predicted failure, there was a splendid attendance for months. He used to say to me, "Edwin, if Christians would only give over and above their reasonable service, the Lord would give over and above the usual blessing." And so it was, for I knew of scores of decisions there in four months.

Being now on the spot, I had plenty of time to pray about the problems of our work in Ireland. Christian people had pledged themselves to pray for revival, and our task was to keep in touch with them.

My prayer was in the words of the Psalmist, "Lead me, O Lord, make Thy way straight before my face," and the Lord revealed His way by which the work in Ireland could be consolidated. The same vision was given to the Rev. S. J. Greer, Rev. Cassells Cordner, and to others who were praying about it, so we decided just to trust God in the matter. To keep our friends throughout Ireland informed of various objects for intercession it seemed necessary to publish the Prayer Bulletin regularly. In order to do so and to consolidate the work, we asked the Lord for the active co-operation of the "cream" of the Evangelical cause in Ireland. Personal contact was the surest way of approaching those various leaders and I felt that the Lord would prepare them for our proposals.

My plans were laid before the Lord. It was apparently necessary to visit Carrickfergus, Larne, Ballymena, Coleraine, Londonderry, Enniskillen,

Dungannon, Portadown, Lurgan, Lisburn, Newtownards, and Bangor; to link up prayer groups in each place, and to invite a leading evangelical to co-operate as a representative on an advisory Council. The estimated cost of the journey was £6, consequently my friends asked each other—will the Lord work miracles for Orr at home as well as across the water?

On the 27th January, I left Belfast with a few shillings in hand. I had every confidence that God would take me safely through. After many successful interviews in two counties I arrived in the city of Londonderry at 10 p.m. on the 29th. Bus journeys had caused me to become rather short of funds, so I went to the Y.M.C.A. secretary and asked him if he could recommend some place where I could obtain "bed and breakfast" at very reasonable charges. The secretary, a very genial Christian, willingly said that he could take me to a most suitable place provided I could wait until he closed the office. At 11.30, he landed me into a splendid hotel and left me scratching my chin and wondering how much the bill would be. The servants had all gone to bed, but the proprietress was waiting up for a young commercial traveller who was due late. She asked me if I would have supper—but I declined, without telling her the real reason (shortage of cash). The young traveller arrived, and ordered supper for himself. I began to think furiously, "Here is this fellow travelling for Cadbury's and representing Cadbury's; and here am I, travelling for the Lord and representing the Lord." I came to the conclusion that I was as much entitled to supper as he was, so I said, "I think I'll have supper

with this gentleman." Upon retiring, I occupied a lovely room, and upon rising, I devoured a lovely breakfast. At 10 a.m. I went upstairs to my room, and knelt down and said, "Now, Father, grant that this bill will not be too big." Some minutes afterwards I went to the proprietress, and without any ado said, "Have you my bill, please? How much do I owe you?" She turned round with a smile and said, "Mr. Orr, you don't owe me a penny. Will you take it as a contribution to your work?"

Still short of funds I left Londonderry for Enniskillen. I had promised Rev. S. J. Greer that I would be at the Irish Christian Endeavour Council meetings at 6 p.m. It was then noon, and with *six hours to spare I started to walk the sixty-mile journey*, for although I knew that a greyhound could not do it in the time, I had every confidence in the Lord's power to get me there. Actually I cycled up "the Diamond," the main street in Enniskillen, at 5.57 p.m. on a bicycle which I had never ridden before, and with a cheque in my pocket (sufficient for my night's expenses) given me by a saint whom I had never seen previously. Mr. Greer said, "Well! well!" when I told him.

The following day I had the pleasure of a long interview with the C.E. President, who readily consented to help with the work, and at 2.40 p.m. I left Enniskillen for Dungannon, forty miles away. Now, I have an uncle who lives some miles outside the town, and I felt that I would have very little time to go to see him. I started to walk again and when I got to the village of Tempo, I sat down

and prayed for a lift. None came, so what saith the scriptures? "Let us come *boldly* unto the throne of grace," therefore I said, "Father, I was nearly shaken to pieces in that old lorry yesterday, so please send me a saloon car next time." A few minutes later there was a screech of brakes applied and a beautiful big Humber saloon stopped. The driver asked me if I could direct him the best possible way to Cookstown, some distance beyond Dungannon. Although I had never been in Tyrone in my life before *I volunteered to show him the way*. He left me off at the nearest point to Dungannon on his road—*close beside my uncle's house*. After tea, I reached Dungannon by car.

Next the Lord opened the way to Portadown, Lurgan, Lisburn, Banbridge and Bangor, and not only enabled me to go there, but prepared the way before me. Everywhere I was successful in getting the support of the right people, and I returned to Belfast, praising the Lord.

We had now linked up almost every important town in the area. The next job was to establish a representative Council in Belfast. Within a week the Lord had given us the support of leaders of six well-known organisations in Ireland: Mr. R. G. Bass, of the Irish Evangelisation Society; Pastor Deens, President of the Irish C.E. Union; Rev. T. C. Hammond, of the Irish Church Missions; Mr. R. L. McKeown of the Portstewart Convention; Mr. J. B. McLean of the Faith Mission; and Mr. S. W. Murray of the Young People's Convention. By the 9th of February, the Central Council was formed, and a week later the Executive and Editorial Committees were appointed.

The Lord had fulfilled His promises to us—and in such a way that we could praise Him for every helper. There was Rev. S. J. Greer, a kindly, discerning, and deeply spiritual rector of the Church of Ireland, former President of the Irish C.E. Union, lately chairman of the Belfast Youth Evangelistic Campaign. Then Rev. Cassells Cordner, typically Presbyterian, full of the graces of the Spirit. Also Rev. W. J. Wilson, a Methodist minister, beloved by all God's people: Rev. H. McIlwaine, of the Congregational Church, and Mr. E. G. Combe, a Baptist leader—all standing for the best in their respective spheres. A year's prayers were answered when Jim Douglas accepted secretaryship, and our treasurer was a "young fellow" old enough to be my grandfather, but still young—T. H. Hipkins. Robert E. Sloan, B.A., a talented student for the ministry, became editor of the *Bulletin*, and of course Coulter, whose outstanding virtue was that he prayed much, was a great help.

The Lord had chosen men who greatly feared Him. The work was a challenge in itself but the Lord's calls are the Lord's enablings. We settled down to the preparation of the *Bulletin* and worked hard. Requests for prayer came in by the score, making it our difficulty to find sufficient space. Forsythe, who was undertaking to edit the page of news from Northern Ireland excluding Belfast, had a terrible job. His first four contributors sent in enough material to fill the whole *Bulletin*, and he was expecting reports from three dozen more.

"What am I to do with the reports, Edwin?" he groaned.

"Cut them all down to the bone," said I.

A few days later when I met him, his plight was worse than ever.

"I've had to boil those bones to jelly," was his cheerful announcement.

Our printer, a fine Christian man, got the *Bulletins* out by the beginning of March. Three days later we had distributed four thousand five hundred to the prayer groups and were running short. Everywhere we heard appreciative comments and we were assured that the *Bulletins* were a great help to all Christians. One well-known International Christian periodical stated, "the second issue of a unique publication has come to hand. It is the *Praise and Prayer Bulletin* of the Revival Fellowship, which is an organization for the mobilisation of prayer and is representative of various Evangelical agencies in Ireland, etc." The Editorial of the *Bulletin* itself stated, "This *Bulletin* is published by the Irish Council of the Revival Fellowship, its purpose being to mobilise prayer—an undertaking *in trust* for that wide circle of praying Christians in fellowship for revival."

One really helpful feature was a little "Cameo" which was inserted in the *Bulletin*:

EFFECTUAL PRAYER.—Jas. v. 16

Prayer is power. Power requires a channel and a contact—therefore we have no real power in prayer till we are in touch with God. We aim at combined power—the many praying together in fellowship for Revival.

Jesus says, "If ye abide in Me . . . ASK WHAT YE WILL, and it shall be done unto you." In

prayer, therefore, we are not acting against law—we are bringing into operation a higher law of the spiritual realm.—CASSELLS CORDNER.

One prayer request had a very sudden answer—one "for the United Open-air Campaigns organised by associates of the Revival Fellowship; almost 1,000 young folk took part last year."

In a short time the three splendid Christian Endeavour Unions in Belfast had appointed representatives to co-operate with us. Two months later they were in full swing.

Many were the testimonies which I heard. Most of the missions for which we prayed were eager to report double the blessing. For instance, Mr. E. G. Combe, who requested prayer for a mission in Haypark Baptist Church told me that it was the best mission held since the foundation of the Church. But most important of all, many more Christians prayed earnestly for Revival.

In considering the problems of the work in Ireland it is advisable to divide the country into its two political parts. I rejoice to say that Christians all over Ireland enjoy a wonderful spiritual unity—all one in Christ. But the situation which one group faces is very different from the other.

The Protestant population in the Irish Free State is a dwindling minority, and it has little influence upon the affairs of that part of the country. Repression has been all too common—what Christians have to suffer for their stand there has to be experienced to be understood. The Roman Catholic Church is all powerful in the South, and Rome is not at all broad-minded. Some English friends

of mine visited Dublin recently, and endeavoured to preach the Gospel in the open air. They were stoned—one got his wrist broken; and the others were stoned again whilst carrying him away.

One has only to think of Limerick to furnish an example of this deplorable persecution. The Irish Church Missions, which have won many splendid trophies for the Lord, have premises there and persecution is a mild word for the treatment which they received. Recently the Rev. T. C. Hammond, of Dublin, was announced, by placard, as lecturer on "The Catholic Faith as understood by the Church of Ireland,"—surely a mild and a tactful title. The local Press described the placard as offensive and this saintly friend of ours went in danger of his life.

Another man was speaking in the open-air in County Cork, when his audience took up stones. So he cried out,

"Will you listen to me if I tell you a story about the Blessed Virgin Mary?"

The appeal secured him a hearing and he delivered a splendid address on the words of the Mother of Jesus at Cana of Galilee—

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it!"

It broke down the opposition of his hearers somewhat, for they showed their appreciation of his message by pelting him with rotten potatoes instead of stones.

It is true that Protestants who concern themselves with members of their own congregations only escape trouble. But that fact does not help them to win their fellow countrymen for Christ. One of my college chums who tried to preach Christ in the

open-air was immediately denounced by Republicans as an Imperialist. Christian Workers who used the *Bulletin* to report conversions among Roman Catholics in the Free State, carefully withheld the name of the town, knowing full well that unbearable persecution would follow the publication of details. One section of Christian effort which has brought much blessing is the distribution of the Scriptures, but even this work is fraught with danger to-day. God save Ireland!

On the other hand, the North of Ireland has always been fruitful ground for revival, for the continual Roman Catholic menace has been the means of great spiritual deepening in all other denominations. The Papacy upholds the traditions of men and the authority of the Church; the Ulster Protestant challenges both on the authority of the Holy Scriptures. The result is that all Ulstermen are comparatively keen Bible students—indeed, one Englishman who has travelled all over the world as an evangelist, told me that the average unsaved Ulsterman knows his Bible better than the average Christian Englishman.

In Ulster the percentage of Anglo-Catholicism is less than negligible; all who have leanings in that direction know that their mother is Rome, and they stay with mother. The greatest proportion of the professing Church in Northern Ireland is composed of Bible Christians of all denominations who hold the essential truths of evangelical Christianity. Ultra-liberal theology does exist, but not in the same degree as in England.

All these factors help to produce a virile type of Christianity. Despite the 33½ per cent Romanists,



the percentage of Christians per head of population is higher than anywhere else in the British Isles, and the increase per head is equally high.

Nevertheless God forbid that Ulster should become like Capernaum—exalted unto heaven with benefits and privileged with mighty works—and fail to respond to the call for revival.

In the very early days of our work, a popular English evangelist said to me in Belfast, "I believe that God has planted your movement in the most spiritually fruitful ground in the world." That remark made me pray, "Oh! for another 1859!" Think of it! The prayers of four young men in County Antrim were used to begin the mighty revival of 1859. Can it be repeated? I believe that it will be repeated fourfold, *when we are ready*.

That prayer meeting in the old barn near Kells was the first of many such groups; such prayer precedes revival. Soon all Connor was ablaze, and the revival swept throughout Antrim, Down, Armagh, Londonderry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and the whole country: Belfast became a city of God. My grandfather used to repeat story after story of strange happenings in Ballymena, where factories were closed for days on account of conviction of sin among the employees. We know what happened in Coleraine. A boy under conviction of sin found peace in the Saviour, and testified before his school-mates in the middle of the classroom. One by one the boys stole out to the playground to seek Christ on their knees; soon the whole school, teachers, boys, and girls, were calling upon God; neighbours came in, and fell under conviction; until finally they had to send for the local ministers and evangelists.

For days that schoolhouse became the place where souls found rest at the foot of the Cross. *We need such Revival again.*

I love my homeland more than any spot I know, and it is my consuming desire to see the Ulster countryside ablaze with fire from on high. Truly I could wish myself accursed for the sake of Ulster. May God restore us from our backsliding—and revive us again!

"What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not His own Son but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

*Revive Thy work, O Lord.*



CHAPTER IV

ADVENTURES IN SCOTLAND

"BEAUTIFUL morning," said a cheerful voice.

"Yes," I replied, looking up to meet the gaze of a breezy young commercial traveller. "I'm glad that it is, for this is my first day in this part of Scotland."

"Then you are travelling?"

"About twelve hundred miles a month," I replied.

"I hope you don't mind my asking—business or pleasure?"

"Business," I said, "but I have succeeded in making it a pleasure also."

"I'm a commercial," my new friend informed me, and then went on, "I suppose you are representing some firm?"

"Well, not exactly," said I. "I'm travelling for my Father, you see."

"Is that why you're in Scotland?"

"Precisely! I am doing special work for Him. I had my apprenticeship round about London; then I travelled round Ireland; now I'm doing Scotland. See?"

I passed him the marmalade.

"Is there much money in it?" was his next question.

"Believe it or not," I said with a smile, "I'm not really interested in the financial side. My

Father is what you would call a multi-millionaire, and He sends me anything I need. Besides, I really enjoy the work, it is so interesting."

My Scottish friend waxed enthusiastic.

"Well, well! You *are* a lucky blighter!"

"I'm the happiest fellow on earth," said I.

"Not a bit of wonder," said Cameron, taking the opportunity of introducing himself, "I wish I were employed by your concern."

"No reason why you shouldn't be," said I warmly.

"At least you ought to be in touch."

"Who's your managing director?" he enquired.

"The Holy Spirit," I returned very evenly.

Cameron looked dumbfounded, but he gave me a very good hearing while I described the nature of my travels. Before we left the hotel I had the joy of acceding to his request for an introduction to our Principal, the Lord Jesus Christ. God grant that he found a Saviour.

Cameron warned me that I would be stopped by snow on the way up to Glasgow. I laughed at him and told him that my Father was Clerk of the weather also. So I left Stranraer and cycled along the shores of lovely Loch Ryan.

From the President of the Faith Mission I received a warm welcome. Whilst we conversed about the things of the Lord, he showed me over the lovely estate which has been in the possession of his family for generations. This beautiful place had almost a sub-tropical appearance: to the north lay thick wood; to the east the mountains; to the south it was open to the sun; and the waters of the warm Gulf stream lapped against the shore which formed its western border. Rhododendrons in full bloom

from late February added to the charm of the gardens. But the most fragrant delight of all was the pervading sense of the Presence of the Lord—I know that He walked with us in that garden on the 16th March.

After lunch, I said good-bye, and wheeled my bicycle up to the pass of the App. Whilst I was going down the other side, a terrific north-easterly hail storm burst on me, blowing me to a standstill and compelling me to stand up on the pedals in order to make headway. Four times was I blown from the bicycle, once nearly over into the sea. The hail and sleet were followed by torrential rain, but as there was no other means of transport available, I stuck it until I reached Girvan, and took the train to Ayr. In the latter place I began to shiver miserably and prayed very earnestly that I might not take pneumonia so far away from home. The Lord unexpectedly met the need in an unsolicited hot bath.

That night I put up at the Y.M.C.A. Club in Glasgow, where I devoted time to prayer regarding the work in Scotland, which from the beginning, I had felt would be different—for the following reasons.

After many months of waiting, praying and consultation, a fellowship had been brought into being in 1929—the Scottish Evangelistic Council. The primary object of this Council was declared to be the organisation of prayer interest and prayer circles for revival throughout Scotland. As soon as I got to know about it, I enquired further, and discovered that this Scottish Evangelistic Council was simply the fellowship for revival in Scotland. With

increasing interest, I found that its leaders had adopted very similar methods—the circulation of a prayer bulletin, and the stimulation of aggressive evangelism in co-operation with the existent agencies with particular stress upon open-air work. Many noted Christians were identified with the movement and active in it—Lord Maclay, Dr. McIntyre, Rev. J. R. S. Wilson and others; and leaders from all parts of Scotland from Lerwick to Dumfries were co-operating.

We claimed that our Revival Fellowship was not a new organisation which would duplicate existent effort. Here was the same movement, under a different name, hence our course was plain. To everyone in Scotland who expressed interest in the Revival Fellowship I gave the address of the Secretary of the Scottish Evangelistic Council, and told them that their brethren in Ireland would remember them in prayer. Sometimes it amused me greatly, after appealing earnestly to crowded gatherings for co-operation with the Scottish Evangelistic Council, to tell the people,

“Of course, I have no official connection with that Council. Only two of its members have even heard of me! But my main concern is—these dear Scottish brethren are working for my Father. May I ask your co-operation in His name?”

In Glasgow, I renewed my acquaintance with the well-beloved Principal of the Bible Training Institute. This conversation with Dr. McIntyre was the first of a series of a dozen interviews with leading members of this Council. He was very sympathetic and helpful, and before I left his study he told me of a Mid-Scotland Rally of Christian

workers being held that day in Stirling under the auspices of the Scottish Evangelistic Council. Dr. McIntyre thought that I would meet many leaders of the movement there, so I decided to go.

"Are you sure that you have enough money to go?" he asked kindly.

"Quite enough," said I, without telling him that I had not enough spare cash to come back again.

So off I went to Stirling on a single bus ticket. The Rally was splendid and we had two fine addresses, one from Rev. J. R. S. Wilson on the need of revival in Bonnie Scotland, and the other from Rev. D. Gunn Sutherland dealing with his experiences of the Welsh 1905 revival. After that we had tea, during which I was introduced to many keen people, and then we broke up.

One by one, the friends who knew me went away, until there were only three or four strangers left. Now, I was anxious to get back to Glasgow immediately, for I had promised to speak at 8 p.m. in the Seamen's Bethel for Pastor Alexander Galbraith. So I prayed, and I was still praying when a cheery voice interrupted.

"Hallo, young fellow! Where do you come from?"

I looked up into a cheerful countenance wreathed in a radiant smile.

"I come from Belfast," I replied, "My name is Orr, secretary of the Revival Fellowship."

"Well, I never!" said my questioner. "I've been wanting to meet you, for I've heard something about your work. I'm Austin Stirling, pastor of the Baptist Church in Cumnock. Could you come down and see me sometime? I'd like to have a chat!"

"I'm afraid Cumnock is too far away from Glasgow," said I, regretfully.

"Well, we shall have to manage somehow! Would you mind not using your return ticket to Glasgow?"

"Why?" I asked with an audible grin.

"I've got a car round the corner. I'll motor you back to Glasgow, and then we shall have our talk."

The Lord's my shepherd—that's all I want—and so I was able to speak to a crowd of over six hundred people in Glasgow.

Day by day, the Lord provided for all my needs. I had the privilege of speaking at a week-night service in John Knox Street Baptist Church; at a meeting of students in the B.T.I.; and elsewhere.

At that time, Stanley Donnan, whose "digs" I was sharing, volunteered to help me in my work in Scotland. I was delighted, having appreciated the work which he had accomplished for the Lord as an evangelist in the North of Ireland. Together we planned a tour east, Bathgate, Edinburgh, Portobello, Musselburgh, and back again. My acceptance of his co-operation was conditional—the whole tour must be completed by faith. Though wonderfully used of God in evangelistic work, Donnan had little practical experience of day to day dependence upon God, but to my surprise he agreed to the condition, and we started forth with half-a-crown apiece. Many a time afterwards have I thanked God for the fellowship of Stanley Donnan. Though a beginner in this sort of work, he was full of enthusiasm; this virtue sometimes afforded me much amusement.

Before we started out he said to me, "Edwin, I've been praying that the wind will be with us all the way to Edinburgh."

"Save your breath, Stan," said I. "That request is not at all necessary."

"Wouldn't you like to have the wind in your back all the way?" he asked looking puzzled.

"Surely," I agreed, "but I wouldn't ask my Father to upset His universe if it wasn't absolutely necessary. I never ask God to do for me what I can manage myself. James says, 'ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss to consume it upon your own pleasures.'"

"I'm afraid I don't see it," said he, "I'm going to pray for a westerly wind anyhow."

When we started the wind changed to east. On the evening before our return from Edinburgh, Stanley prayed that it might remain east; when we started back it blew from the west. I laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks.

[Thank God, a month later, Donnan showed most amazing faith and discernment. The school of experience is the best after all.]

On the night of the 19th March, we were approaching Edinburgh, singing the Chorus, "No never alone!" It was getting rather late, about 10.30 p.m.

"Where are we going to sleep to-night?" Stanley asked suddenly.

"I'm sure I don't know," said I.

"What are we going to do about it?" he persisted.

"Why worry?" I replied. "Our Father knows all about it."

"Quite so! but I'd like to know too!"

"Very well. We'll ask Him then!"

So we free-wheeled, and prayed simply that the Lord would provide us with bed and breakfast.

"Now, Stanley," said I, "we have asked Him, and His word tells us that He heareth us. Are you quite sure that you believe?"

"I do," said Donnan, "praise the Lord!"

"Well," said I, "it is rather late to expect hospitality, but I feel that God will provide it. We'll call on certain acquaintances of mine at Merchiston Grove and if the Lord gives us an exceptional sign, we'll know that we are not imposing in accepting hospitality."

When we arrived at the house, we made a remarkable discovery. These friends, who had seen me only once before, had that day received from South America a letter enquiring for me. They decided to write to me at my Belfast address and the letter was lying on the table when I called. Delightful hospitality was provided and from there we completed our tour and returned to Glasgow.

Before I left Glasgow, I had the joy of doing quite a lot of personal work, being inspired by the example of my dear friend Dr. Cossar.

My method was something like this.

"Pardon me, could you tell me the way to Hillhead, please?"

"Certainly!" then followed directions.

"Is that the best way?"

"That's the only way from here."

"Thank you! It is grand to have a clear idea of how to get to a place, isn't it?"

"It is. I'm glad to be of service."

"By the way. May I do you a favour in return?"

"Certainly! What is it?"

"Do you know the way of salvation? And if not, may I point you the way?"

I seldom got a rebuff. What a joy it is to witness to strangers! Other times I used to go round the public-houses, and was surprised to find the barmen quite approachable. Once I mistook the proprietor for a barman, and speedily learned my mistake. He roared angrily, "I've no time for that sort of thing—get out!" What a tragedy! No time for Jesus.

By the 28th March I had interviewed almost everyone whose sympathy and interest in the Revival Fellowship I had hoped to gain. From all these Scotsmen I got a brotherly welcome, and an assurance that fellowship between our work and theirs was most desirable. Donnan had business back in Ireland, so we said good-bye for the present and I started south.

A remarkable thing happened in Cumnock Baptist Church in which I was speaking for Rev. Austin Stirling. A local miner walked up to me and asked,

"Mr. Orr. Is your bicycle all right?"

"Yes!" I replied.

"But have you all your fittings," he enquired.

"I have!" I answered.

"I mean, have you all your parts?" asked the miner, this time in a confused manner.

"Of course, I have." I wondered what on earth was troubling him. He got even redder in the face, but kept on asking questions, until I said—to put him off,

"Well, brother, I've had no trouble with that bicycle since the Lord sent it to me."

He looked disappointed, until I added,

"At least except that someone stole my pump in Glasgow, but that's a very common complaint."

Then I discovered that he had come up to offer me a pump!

Before I crossed the border into England I had another experience of a different kind. Just beyond Dumfries I passed a beggarly-looking tramp, and feeling sorry for him, I turned back.

"Good morning," said I, "can you tell me the way to Carlisle?"

"Straight ahead!" said the emaciated old fellow.

"Thank you," I replied, "and do you know the way of salvation?"

"Matey," he frowned, "if you were on the roads like me hardly knowin' where your next meal was comin' frae, ye'd wonder if there was a God!"

"Don't know about that," I returned cheerfully.

"For the past six months I haven't known where my next bed or meal would come from, and yet God is a friend of mine and He told me to give you this." I passed him a shilling. That gave me a start. For half an hour I endeavoured to find some weak point in his armour against God. He told me his story—he had been a forester, but drink brought about his fall, and he seemed to blame God. I was almost giving up in despair, when suddenly I had an idea.

"What do you remember most about your mother?" I asked.

"My mither! My mither taught me to—say my prayers at her knee." He buried his face in his hands. "She was good-livin' like yersel', mister. God forgive me!"

"Supposing we pray again?" I suggested.

Together we knelt under the hedge—I commended him to the Lord, and he repeated the words of the Saviour Whom his mother loved.

An hour later I arrived at the border. Before I crossed, I dismounted and prayed that a mighty awakening would shake Scotland.

Who is there that does not love Scotland, the land and its people, the home of lofty mountains and lofty character? I was captivated.

Scotland has its problems too. In Glasgow we have the Southern Irish—implacable, disloyal, sabbath-breaking, communistic Clydesiders, a menace to Scotland, a breeding ground of revolution. But revival is revolution's antidote. In Edinburgh we find a different type, the intelligentsia who at the moment prefer culture to Christ. Revival will win them too—it did during the Moody and Sankey days. Let us pray for revival in Glasgow—it will spread through the whole industrial area; let us pray likewise for a movement in Edinburgh—it will spread north and set Scotland ablaze.

Thank God, the potent memory of mighty revivals lingers around many parts of the country. The "work at Cambuslang," begun in 1742, is still going on; the memory of revival in Kilsyth remains a blessed influence even now; the visit of Moody and Sankey is bearing fruit to this day. Why not another revival?

Prayer is the precursor of all revivals. Will the

saints and faithful brethren in Christ accept the challenge? "Lord, send a revival to Scotland and begin it in me."

"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."



## CHAPTER V

### FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

LITTLE things have big futures—especially when they are committed to God.

On the evening of the 6th of April, 1934, some keen Christians met to discuss revival. The setting was a drawing-room in Jesmond where we had prayer; and then the position was stated.

In October, 1933, Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher visited Newcastle and was wonderfully used of God as a soul winner, about 1,200 decisions being recorded. It was a united Campaign, supported by leaders of all denominations; and an intensive preparation of united prayer preceded it. Now it was being felt in many quarters that the spiritual unity and resultant expectation of big things was being lost. Consequently, one or two who had been discussing the question had decided to invite the secretary of the Revival Fellowship to explain privately how a programme of mobilisation of prayer for revival could conserve the spiritual unity and extend it, if need be, over a wider area.

Before inviting me to speak, they assured me that they were approaching the question in a prayerful attitude realising that it was a most important business.

In thanking them for such a cordial welcome, I told my friends that I, too, had made it a matter

of prayer, and that as a matter of fact, I had prayed for six months that I might meet with such a group as they were.

They would be interested to know, I said, that the Belfast Youth Evangelistic Campaign of 1932 had a very similar history. Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher was the chief missionary; it was supported by leaders of all denominations; it was preceded by a wonderful prayer unity—the Prayer Power Combine; and the result was likewise wonderful. But immediately afterwards, the spiritual unity and keenness began to decline. There were those among us in Belfast, like themselves in Newcastle, who rebelled against the idea of losing the unity and the expectancy of prayer—and when the Revival Fellowship raised up the standard again, they hailed it with relief. It was particularly gratifying to know that the man who was largely instrumental in launching the Belfast Campaign, Rev. S. J. Greer, its chairman, was now chairman of the executive of the Revival Fellowship. The Revival Fellowship had also the active support (in Council) of many who helped to make the Campaign a success, one of our most indefatigable workers being the former organiser of the Prayer Power Combine. The majority of the prayer groups helping in the Campaign were now in fellowship with us and with dozens of others outside Belfast. In the words of the Rev. S. J. Greer, the Revival Fellowship in Ireland has become the virtual successor of the Belfast Youth Evangelistic Campaign.

In view of these facts I had every confidence in advising them to work along similar lines with the minimum of organisation.

"Thank you, Mr. Orr, now could you outline briefly what steps would be necessary to achieve what you suggest?"

"Yes, gladly," I replied. "You would need to gain the support of noted Evangelicals in every important city and town in the North of England. I would suggest Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, and Westmorland, for a beginning; then extend the area to Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire. From these leaders—the Advisory Council—you could select a dozen keen men, all within easy reach of Newcastle to constitute a Central Council. This latter body could appoint its own executive, whose officers would engage to mobilise prayer for revival throughout the whole area, relying upon the co-operation of the Advisory Council."

This also received a favourable reception.

"Counting on your co-operation," I went on, "I am quite willing to tour the whole area and gain the sympathy of all the leaders in the places suggested."

"How long do you estimate *that* would take, Mr. Orr?" was the next query.

"You know the area better than I do," I rejoined, "so perhaps you'll let me have your estimate first."

"Considering everything we think that it would be completed in about a year. Would you be willing to remain in the North for that period?"

"Indeed, I would not," I said frankly.

"Then your programme seems impossible. What do you propose doing?"

I introduced a bombshell to their midst.

"Well," I proposed, "I hope to tour the four

northern counties and to complete the work in three weeks!"

They looked at me in amazement.

"Are you really serious?"

"Shall we have a time of prayer?" I asked. "Plus God, we can do anything."

That season of prayer was most refreshing. We prayed in turn for revival, and in turn were revived ourselves. But they were still somewhat sceptical about the time limit in my proposal. Dr. Philp took me aside and told me that I had risked alienating their sympathy by making such a rash statement.

"I believe it can be done, Doctor," I asserted, "and please God I'm going to do it."

"Are you going to do it by the *sparrow* method?" asked Mr. West laughingly.

"What method is that?" I asked.

"Well, I heard a gentleman say that you went about the country expecting the Lord to feed you along with His sparrows!"

Three days later I left Newcastle with 1½d. and a hardboiled egg! On the 9th I cycled via Jarrow to Sunderland, staying in the Salvation Army Hostel; on the 10th West Hartlepool and Stockton-on-Tees; on the 11th, Middlesbrough and Darlington, reaching Stocksfield in a downpour. On the 12th, I caught a train to Carlisle and visited Maryport; on the 13th, Keswick, Penrith and Kendal, and back to Carlisle. That night I got back to Newcastle.

It was hard to realise that the Lord had enabled me to do in a week what I said would take three weeks at the least. But in my eagerness to complete the work, I did not spare my energies, but worked from 7 a.m. till 10 p.m. In each place I interviewed

leaders of Christian work and almost always found the right man straight away. In many North of England towns may be found one live church, two half-alive, three dead, and four breathing very heavily. I could not do it myself, so I prayed that the Lord would lead me to the keenest place and win the co-operation of its minister. Considering that I had often only an hour to spare in one town, the results were miraculous. To God be the praise!

Every step of the way the Lord provided—although I was in an area where nobody knew me. I had started with a hardboiled egg and returned with it—maybe because it was unsuitable for sparrows! The Lord enabled me to meet the expense of three hundred and fifty miles cycling and five hundred miles by train—with 1½d.! God always works miracles with a cruse of oil when it is given over to Him.

Thank God, the effect of the journey was to set the interested friends on fire. Dr. Horace Philp's report sent to Stanley Donnan stated that:

"Mr. Orr laid before a small meeting of Christians in Newcastle-on-Tyne suggestions for the formation of the Revival Fellowship in the North of England. The need was keenly felt, and the Fellowship appealed as a movement to knit together the existent prayer-centres and Evangelical forces. But some doubted, thinking that it would take many months to accomplish. These friends left out of their reckoning the consecrated zeal of our young friend from Ulster; for, accepting their challenge, he toured the

area—850 miles—in five days, making all the necessary contacts.

"On Sunday the 15th, Mr. Orr occupied the pulpit of the Church of Scotland; where the Lord set His own Seal on the testimony given by saving two souls at the evening service. This proved but the precursor of further blessing for two more decided the following Sunday and some during the week at the Newcastle Keswick Meetings (under the ministry of Rev. Walter McIntyre, Bridge of Allan). The visit of Messrs. Donnan and Orr has proved a spiritual tonic to those who have been defending the faith against the floods of apostasy and wordliness in this depressed area."

At two other meetings I had the joy of seeing results.

On April 11th, I had received a letter from Stanley Donnan in Ireland, saying that he was prepared to give up everything and join me. He left a week later, crossing to Stranraer, and cycling the whole journey of 150 miles in one day! On the 19th at noon, I received a telegram from Dumfries, "delayed owing to heavy rain. Will arrive late." My diary for that day reads, "Much in prayer about Donnan, as it is very wet and cold." Uncle and auntie sat up with me to await his arrival. Just before midnight I had a sudden vision of poor old Stanley arriving at the crossroads at midnight, in difficulties—no one about to direct him to the right house among the thousands of houses that constitute suburban Stocksfield! Impelled by a strange urge, I set out to cycle down the Hexham

Road, and strange to say, found Donnan standing bewildered at the crossroads. He had been on that bicycle for sixteen hours!

Donnan's coming was a great tonic to me. His sunny smile was typical of his spiritual outlook; his loyalty to God, and great faith were of the highest order. During the next couple of days, I took the opportunity of introducing him to Dr. Philp, Mr. West, and the other active leaders: also calling on that dear saint, Sir G. B. Hunter, and to Councillor J. G. Nixon (a former Lord Mayor).

On one occasion, a well-known Christian asked us,

"What age are you two lads?"

"Twenty-one and twenty-two," replied Donnan.

"Well, it beats me! Especially when I know that you get nothing out of it."

"We do get something out of it," replied Donnan, quietly, "just the joy of serving the Lord with a single eye to His glory."

Donnan arrived in Newcastle with only 5s. 11d. as total funds, his object in coming being to help me to complete the North of England work. He began well by winning the support of a well-known retired Army Officer, a splendid Christian. I was delighted.

Leaving all the future arrangements in the hands of Dr. Philp and Mr. West, we regretfully said good-bye to my cousins at Stocksfield, and started south. The work had gone so well that we planned to extend it to Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cheshire, cycling to the field of labour by way of the Durham coast. Donnan had 2s. 10½d., and I had 2s. 7½d. with which we hoped to get to Manchester. Unfortunately Donnan took ill on the way down the coast,

leaving me in a bit of a quandary; but prayer again had its answer when certain dear saints looked after him for a couple of days in West Hartlepool. On the 25th, we left our friends in Stockton-on-Tees, and soon reached Thirsk in Yorkshire.

At Thirsk, we decided to part. Donnan undertook to visit York, Beverley, Hull, Doncaster and Sheffield; my work was to visit Ripon, Harrogate, Leeds, Bradford, and Huddersfield; we hoped to meet again at Manchester.

"Where am I going to meet you in Manchester, Edwin?" asked Stanley.

"That is a bit of a problem," I replied.

"Pretty big place, boy," said he.

"That's the problem," said I.

"Well we'll have to trust the Lord to bring us together again."

"Yes," I agreed, "but if I get to Manchester General Post office before you, I'll put a chalk mark on the wall. If you get there first, you can rub it out! See!!"

Donnan exploded.

A moment later, we exchanged a confident, "God be with you," and he turned south-east; I rode south-west. I missed him greatly.

Being eager to interview a certain keen Christian in Ripon, I went without a meal, and hurried on. Judge my dismay when by telephone the gentleman politely declined to see me owing to extreme pressure of business. So I told him that I would drop a prayer bulletin into his letter-box en passant, and write him later.

"Something wrong here, Father," I said to the Lord as I stepped out of the telephone kiosk. "I've

cycled forty miles out of my way to see this servant of Yours. I'm tired and I'm hungry so please change his mind before I reach his house."

Half an hour later, I was welcomed with open arms on the doorstep by the man himself, who said he had changed his mind. He turned out to be a great sort of fellow, eager, and enthusiastic. Just as I was about to go, he turned to me and asked,

"Where do you hope to stay to-night?"

"Somewhere further south."

"I don't think you will," he replied, and in a twinkling of an eye he had (by telephone) instructed the manager of the best hotel in town to prepare a good supper and a room for me! It pleased Father, I'm sure.

The following day I reached Harrogate, Leeds and Bradford, and stayed with my friend Pastor Phillips in Huddersfield. On the 28th both Donnan and I arrived in Manchester, and accidentally found one another in Cheetham Hill—the New Jerusalem! His travels had reduced his balance-in-hand by 3½d.; and I was 2½d. short.

In Manchester, we had a good time. Besides speaking at a couple of meetings, we met many well-known Manchester Christians. Malcolm Porter and Tony Waite (son of the chairman of Keswick Convention) enthusiastically offered to help in the Greater Manchester area.

An amusing incident befell me in Manchester. On my way down to spend the night at the Salvation Army Hostel, I slipped into a fish and chip saloon to have some fish and chips, an equivalent of locusts and wild honey!

A red-faced fellow, not quite sober, staggered over to me.

"You're an Ulsterman," he said.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I can tell it by yer voice, mate," he replied.

"That's clever. Anything else you know?"

"Yes! You call yourself a Christian!"

"How did you know?"

"I can tell it by yer face, mate."

I let him talk "poly-ticks" first, and then managed to bring the subject round to the way of salvation.

"No, mate," he said. "Religion don't never interest me at no time, in no place, no how, it don't. I'm a Communist, I ham. I believe that yer popes and arch-bishops, and clergy, and all the rest are just parasites! Here's me, mate—can't get no work—I've bin out all night before now. Why, mate, I'm going to stay in th' Army Hostel, to-night, because I've got only three-bob!"

Here he thumped the table.

"What would yer God do for me, eh?"

"Listen to me," I said. "I'm a minister of the gospel, and I've been preaching full time for almost a year. You say you've been out all night—so have I! You say you're going to the Salvation Army to-night—well, that will be my hotel too! You say you have only 3s.—I've only 2s. 5d.! And yet I love God, and He does wonderful things for me!"

My listener gaped while I continued to witness for God.

"Blimey, mate," he said at last, "you're a most extraordinary kind of Christian, you are. Why,

blimey, you're doing wot Jesus Christ tells yer in 'Oly Scripture. That's wot I says, show me a Christian wot follers 'Oly Scripture and I take off me 'at to 'im, I does."

"What's more," I went on, "I'll tell you what *you* are. You're a booser, and you're a swearer, and you're a bad man in other ways too! You asked me what could God do for you! I'll tell you. He can clean up your black, sinful heart."

I expected him to strike me; but instead I found that I was now dealing with a man under conviction of sin. He became sober and serious, and talked until midnight. I never saw him again.

Donnan left Manchester on the 3rd May, to take up work in Ireland. He suggested visiting various Lancashire towns on his way to Heysham—I heard afterwards that he was quite successful. So I said good-bye to a fine young fellow.

When I reached Liverpool I had happy fellowship with the Rev. W. Galbraith, and in Birkenhead I met another keen Christian, Arthur Gollifer, who declared that the circumstances of our meeting were "astounding." In Chester, I completed the North of England tour—two thousand miles in a month.

The results of the tour were of such an order as to call for praise for the Lord Who alone performeth wonders. Acting as our Advisory Council were Christians of local good repute everywhere; the Central Council was composed of the finest type of Christians in the Newcastle-on-Tyne area.

Rev. R. T. West, secretary, wrote soon afterwards:

"Our Council is going strong—we had a splendid meeting, representatives from Darlington,

Hartlepool, Sunderland, etc., besides ourselves from the City."

Then Dr. Horace Philp, chairman, wrote:

"You will be glad to know that we had a most satisfactory meeting of the Executive . . . are circularising the Referees for requests for prayer, etc.; we have also decided to have some public meetings."

Some weeks later my attention was drawn to the following in that excellent paper *The Christian* (entitled Revival Fellowship).

"Under the auspices of the newly-formed Revival Fellowship, a conference was held on Saturday, June 16th, in the Church of Scotland, Sandyford-Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne. About 100 persons attended, including delegates from Berwick on Tweed, and West Hartlepool.

"Dr. Horace R. A. Philp presided, and Rev. R. T. West, secretary of the Fellowship, outlined its history—how certain of the workers who had taken part in the campaign conducted by Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher, in October, 1933, felt the desirability of continuing to work together, particularly in the interest of the young converts. Then he spoke of the challenge that had come in April from the visit of Mr. J. Edwin Orr, honorary travelling secretary of the Revival Fellowship, which he had started two years ago in Ireland. They had now established a committee in the northern counties, with Dr. Philp as Chairman



and Rev. R. Anderson Jardine, as editor of the *Prayer Bulletin*.

"The Chairman referred to these being days of new movements, many of which were sinister and subversive. But 'when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.' There were movements to-day that were lifting up the standard, and they believed the Revival Fellowship was another such.

"This movement was not parasitic, but welcomed fellowship with all the Lord's people, regardless of their denominations. They had a definite object namely, to clear the channels for coming revival. Revival was dependent on one person only—on God the Holy Ghost; yet He was here, but there were some atmospheres in which even God could not work.

"The Holy Spirit was being deeply grieved. The Chairman referred to the too ready acquiescence of some Christians in the evil things of the times and their failure to speak in defence of the truth.

"Mr. T. A. Nicholson, of West Hartlepool, gave a stirring address as he told of how God's Spirit had been working in that centre. Rev. T. P. Black, Baptist Minister of Alnwick, spoke of the dangers of any fellowship which did not stand firm on the foundations of the faith, and, at the same time, expressed his delight at being able to meet with others who stood firm on the basis of the Fellowship."

Another dear friend wrote,

"It was certainly a refreshing time and we all felt it was good to be in the company of so many of God's people, all seeking the same blessing—that of revival in our midst.

"If your work around Newcastle had resulted in nothing else than drawing the forces together as one saw them that day—it has been worth while, but we expect even greater things."

Other ministers have told me that it was the most representative meeting they had seen in the city for a long time.

One finds in the North of England a loyal band of intercessors who cease not to pray for an outpouring of the Spirit. Surrounded by paganism and error, they hold on to the essential truths of Holy Scriptures. It has been the privilege and task of the Revival Fellowship to gather many such together to plead for a mighty awakening. God grant it!

Revival in the churches there is sorely needed. Too often, pleasure is the main concern—and the gospel is so dilute that it savours of hypocrisy. Where doctrinal purity is of secondary importance, worldliness reigns supreme—for too few preach the Christ of the Gospels. A great number in the professing Church in the North require to visit a place called Calvary—and many more require to get to the place called Pentecost.

On the day of my departure from the North of England, I read the words, "The Lord is on my side: I will not fear." Praise God, it is true, for a month after our first prayer meeting, Rev. R. T. West wrote:

"Don't worry about us—we are going on (and our prayer is that you may go on too) *from strength to strength*, until the whole country is definitely united in a claim of fellowship to grasp the power of God."

*To grasp the power of God.*

## CHAPTER VI

## WANDERINGS IN WALES

HALF AN HOUR after I had succeeded in looking up the first Welsh Prayer Group, I set off from Wrexham with my bicycle overloaded. At King's Mills, on the outskirts of the town, I found myself descending a treacherous hill. My speed was increasing every moment, so I applied my back brakes. At that moment I skidded on something hard and gravelly; I lost my balance, then came a crash . . . and blackness.

A long time of quietness followed—then voices—splashing of water—blackness again—pain—voices—tiredness.

"God help him, he's very white," said one voice. . . . "Man, dear, he is losing a terrible lot of blood!" . . . "Is he still unconscious?" . . . "Some more water there." . . . "Here's the ambulance." . . .

I felt an irrational desire to make them all leave me alone. Then I heard the calm voices of the ambulance men.

"How did this happen?"

Another babel of voices.

"He crashed into the bridge." . . . "He skidded on the hill, mate." . . . "I heard the thud over at the Mills." . . . "It's a wonder he ain't dead already," . . . etc.

The first-aid treatment sickened me. Then I was lifted up on the stretcher and carried into the ambulance.

"It's a death trap, that corner," said the attendant, briefly, as we moved off.

The remainder of that day's recollections consist of a jumbled memory of stitchings, sal volatile, bandages, shivering cold, burning heat, and dull sickening pain from the gap in my head. Then followed a merciful stupor of sleep.

I learned afterwards that I had been very fortunate indeed—that the last cyclist who had been carried in from the same corner with the same sort of injuries, had passed away ten minutes after admission to the hospital.

The next few days seemed as blank as the ceiling above me. I ceased to think, or to pray, or to do anything at all that required exertion. I didn't sleep much during the earlier part of the nights. My temple was nicely gashed; there was another cut beside my mouth; another near my eye; my shoulder and right arm were badly bruised, giving me more pain than anything else; my hand was badly torn; my knee was cut and so was my ankle.

Every day I looked forward to the visit of the Rev. A. J. Watkins, who was kindness personified. Dozens of letters arrived each day from all parts of the country—the news was in the Press—so I cheered up, and began to get better. The Matron and the nurses were very kind, and the convalescent patients were always ready to oblige.

Six of the friends who wrote to me claimed to have had a presentiment of the accident, and two letters which were forwarded by the post office

were actually letters of enquiry! All of these folks were among the great number who remember me in prayer morning and evening, so I can credit their claims as part of the ministry of intercession. One thing I know, the widespread intercession helped me to speedy recovery.

During my convalescence the Clerk of the Hospital came up and informed me that as I was a non-contributor, the treatment would usually cost a considerable sum per week. Would he send the bill to my correspondence address at Fleet Street?

"No," said I, "don't; give me the bill on the day of my discharge and I'll pay you on the spot! How long am I going to be here?"

His answer gave me food for thought, but I did not tell him that I had only 3s. 9d. to spare!

Shortly afterwards mother sent me enough to "square" the bill, but, guessing how much she had denied herself, I returned it to her, saying that I felt it was not her job to provide for my needs. On the day of my discharge, my prayers were answered, for there arrived from Kent a letter containing enough to cover the bill plus the single fare to Belfast. So I went home like a shot.

It so happened that a friend of mine was knocked down by a car in Belfast at the same time as my own accident. Praise the Lord, his life was spared also.

"Dear me," said one facetious friend, greeting me, "what are the servants of the Lord a-coming to? Did you ever hear the like of it, throwing themselves under cars and banging their heads against bridges? Getting to be regular mad mullahs, eh?"

Thanks to a short paragraph in the *Belfast Telegraph*, everyone seemed to know about my accident. There were condolences galore, and as usual, many invitations to speak. In the first flush of recovery, I worked hard, and immediately had a touch of pneumonia. Mother's nursing brought me through.

An amusing incident occurred when I called to see Mr. R. L. McKeown, Secretary of the Port-stewart Convention. He had another caller and immediately said:

"Mr. Orr, this is Mr. Joe Gollagher, of Derry!" and as we shook hands, he went on, "and this is Mr. Edwin Orr of—of—er—the globe!"

"Another Insurance man!" said Mr. Gollagher, with a groan.

"R. L." exploded.

"Oh, no!" he said, "common folk like ourselves establish domicile in one town, but Orr here is a budding globe-trotter, here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

On the 12th of June, I said good-bye to all my friends and returned to Wales. I arrived in Liverpool with 3s. 3d. to spare, and in the usual miraculous manner the Lord opened up the way to Wrexham, where my bicycle lay. After visiting Corwen, in Merioneth, and Mold, in Flintshire, I started for Shrewsbury.

Arriving in Shrewsbury at midnight, I was consequently unwilling to disturb any of my friends. All the hotels were full except one which wanted 8s. 6d. for bed and breakfast, and as I had only 5s., things looked very hopeless as I wandered about in the rain.

At 1 a.m. I prayed, "Oh, Father, I don't really

mind staying out all night, but it won't be good for me after my illness. Please find somewhere—anywhere—to sleep."

A voice interrupted me.

"I say are you looking for a bed?"

It was a well-dressed gentleman in a car.

"I am," I replied, "but I can't find any!"

"Well," he said, "I noticed you looking around and I knew that you wouldn't be successful. My home is in Birmingham, but my wife and I have a bed in my office here. I've no bed to offer you, but I thought I would offer you the key of my garage. You'll be quite comfortable on the pneumatic cushions of the car!"

I thanked this perfect stranger for his kindness, and slept very well in his lovely saloon car, praising the Lord who worketh wonders!

My next trouble was with the bicycle, which was badly in need of repairs. To go on with it in a hilly country like Wales was to invite disaster—to stay would cost 10s. in repairs and £2 in a hotel, for it looked like a week's job. I prayed and within an hour the Lord gave the answer. Without knowing my bicycle was broken down, Constable Ramsay Maule, my policeman friend, invited me to stay a week at his home in Port Hill. The fellowship with him and his dear wife was simply delightful; it was "home from home."

On the 15th, I planned a trip to Welshpool, Montgomeryshire; the railway fare was 2s. 6d. and that was half of the 5s. which I had reserved in anticipation of bicycle repairs. Feeling that it was the Lord's Will to link up some Prayer Group in Montgomeryshire, I started: some seven hours

later I arrived back in Shrewsbury with 5s. in hand to find that Constable Maule had noticed the state of the bicycle and had taken it to a cycle agent to be repaired.

Much as I was enjoying my stay, I did not feel content to spend sixty working hours doing nothing. At the L.M.S. station I noticed a handbill advertising a contract ticket which enabled the holder to tour Central Wales for a week. I saw immediately that I could make Shrewsbury my headquarters and tour the whole area. My diary for the 16th reads: "Five shillings in hand, and I urgently need a couple of pounds. Hallelujah! He will send it!" 17th. "The Lord has answered the prayer of yesterday, and I have all that I need. The gift has come through a servant of the Lord who has never seen me before, nor I him." I was thus enabled to tour five hundred miles across Montgomeryshire, Radnor, Brecknock, Carmarthen and Glamorgan.

On the 21st, I said good-bye to the Shrewsbury friends, and entrained for Carmarthen, cycling from there to Tenby, in faraway Pembroke. On the 22nd, Carmarthen town and Llanelly were visited; on the 23rd, Gorseinon, and Swansea.

I heard a remarkable answer to prayer on the 23rd. Five days before, I had the privilege of being the guest of the Rev. Rees Howells at the Bible College of Wales. I had attended the Students' Prayer meeting and had heard them praying for a cheque of £250 needed by the Principal for certain urgent requirements due at the end of the week.

My diary declares "I haven't the shadow of a doubt that God will send it, if it is really needed."

Not a farthing came in all the week, but on the last day a cheque arrived for £500.

At breakfast in Derwen Fawr, Sid Williams was describing a tour through Devon, and at my other side was Kikiwada, a Japanese student.

"Don't you find it difficult to keep footwear spick and span, Mr. Orr?" asked Sid Williams.

"Best thing to do," I replied, "is to carry some CHERRY BLOSSOM!"

Kikiwada turned to me, and said very gravely: "We eat that in Japan!"

The convulsive roars of laughter which followed almost drowned my explanations to our Japanese friend—that it didn't grow on trees!

The day after I had given the Lord's day message in a Swansea Mission, I cycled to Neath and Aberavon. That night I arrived at Porth, hoping to see Brown, an old friend. He introduced me to Mrs. R. B. Jones, who immediately asked me to stay overnight at the Institute. It was a privilege to stay in a place where laboured such an honoured man of God as the late R. B. Jones.

On Tuesday, 26th June, I arrived in Cardiff. I had not a friend nor an address to which to go, or indeed anything. Mrs. Varley of Chester had given me the address of a friend of hers in this City, but I had forgotten name, address and every detail about him. So I found myself stranded again just when I had planned to stay in Cardiff for a week or more to work for a Central Council of keen ministers and business men. I prayed.

A week later I could thank God for the privilege of speaking at Heath Presbyterian, Longcross Baptist,

Angelina Street Mission (coloured folk), Railway Mission Young People's Fellowship, Business Men's Meeting, Brethren Prayer Meeting, Christian Endeavour Society, etc.—all because I opened the door of a car in St. Mary's Street to ask the occupant if he were a Christian! The owner of the car sent me to Mr. Lawton Loveridge, who from that day forward became a pillar of strength to the work and a fount of kindness to me. He introduced me to Mrs. Morgan, of Llandaff, who is known throughout Wales for her devotion to the Lord. This dear lady bade me welcome to her lovely house and mothered "Old Paddy" as she called me. For a fortnight, I could have imagined that I had been translated to the mansion above, and I think that the Lord sent the sunshine of that home to restore all that I had lost since that awful day in Wrexham. The memory of that sickening crash began to fade away.

Walking in Cardiff one day, praying that I might meet Mrs. Varley's friend somehow, I met a young lady to whom I had been introduced in Barry. She immediately presented me to her cheerful escort, Rev. J. W. Owen, her father. Needless to say, I told him about the Revival Fellowship. He heard me patiently, and then said, with a smile,

"My dear boy, I have been praying for you for many months. I have heard regularly about you from my wife's sister, Mrs. Varley, of Chester!"

An hour and a half later I found a post card waiting for me in the G.P.O. It was from Mrs. Varley, telling me to call on her brother-in-law. I was glad that I met him first—it showed God's leading hand.

Another prayer was answered when I gained the prayer support of Evan Roberts. Having imagined him to be an old fellow with a flowing white beard, I was really surprised to find him the very opposite. We had a long talk, discussing revival, the influence of prayer, the need of vision, and the joyous prospect of a mighty awakening soon. It encouraged me greatly to find such a man so like-minded. When I mentioned twelve hours hard work every day did not leave much more than an hour for quiet consultation with God, he explained matters.

"Working for God, is prayer in action," he said, "Being wholly yielded ensures that God will direct you all the day, therefore one's task is to listen for the voice of the Lord, and then to obey."

Again he said,

"Vision is as desirable a gift as faith. I have seen men who have had great faith, but who have never exercised it because of their lack of vision. I have seen others who had vision, but who never responded because of their lack of faith."

But I was most pleased when Evan Roberts promised to remember the Revival Fellowship in his prayers, and to pray much for me.

At the coloured folk's meeting, a native of Calabar came to wish me God speed, and I took the opportunity of asking for the story of his conversion. He wound up thus:

"De ole fella I used to work for—he keep me right down. But de Lord lift me right up, Halle-lujah."

As an Endeavourer, I was invited along to a C.E. Consecration Meeting. I am a loyal Endeavourer, appreciative of all the great good that the



movement has done, and it is because of that loyalty that my heart rebels against these formal "consecrations" which are so much the fashion nowadays. I began my remarks by quoting a conversation which I had had with that splendid Endeavourer, Dr. C. K. Mowll, who agreed with me "that if the average Endeavourer meant what he said when he consecrated his life to the Lord, the Christian life of Britain would be revolutionised by the power of God."

My audience was composed of honest young men and women who realised I was speaking to *them*. By the time I reached the main theme of my address, "the suffering and the Risen Christ," there was evidence of many hearts being touched. Real consecration followed, during which one tall young Englishman, in accepting the challenge of full surrender, closed his remarks by saying,

"When I think of what has been said, and of what I owe to Christ, I can only hang my head in shame."

He burst into tears and sat down, and one could see by the faces of the others that he had been speaking for everyone present.

Thank God for the Christian Endeavour Movement. The Society in which I formerly laboured in Belfast was used of God to win fifty souls in six months. It was a C.E. on fire, for Endeavourers can make splendid combustible fuel.

On July 3rd we had a meeting of Cardiff leaders which had interesting results. All the leaders of the Prayer Groups throughout Wales were nominated to a Welsh Advisory Council: and from these were selected a Central Council composed of members

within reach of Cardiff. We decided to work along lines similar to the North of England Council, publishing a prayer bulletin for Wales and Monmouth. The personnel of the Central Council were ministers of every denomination and leading business men, chiefly principals of concerns. All of them were out-and-out for the Lord, and thus I found my prayer for a Council answered within a week.

A contact made in Newport, on July 12th, completed the list of twenty-four Prayer Groups—Wrexham, Mold, Corwen, Welshpool, Llandrindod, Carmarthen, Tenby, Llanelli, Gorseinon, Swansea, Cardiff and Newport. The Lord did the work, to Him be the praise!

It was interesting to see the following in the *South Wales Echo*, Thursday, June 28th (presumably editorial):

"Faith is the background for two of the most remarkable stories I heard this week.

"The first is of a man who is striving to bring back to this country the religious fervour which swept the land in 1905.

"Mr. Edwin Orr, Honorary Travelling Secretary of the Revival Fellowship, threw over his business appointment, and without friends, influence or money, set out to preach the Gospel throughout the country.

"Since September, when with 2s. 8½d. in his pocket, he left home, he has travelled 10,000 miles.

"He is now in Cardiff helping to establish the Revival Fellowship in Wales.

"Prominent Christians in all parts of the principality are associating themselves with the movement, and it is hoped that an Advisory Council will be formed in the City.

"The work began in Ireland two years ago with remarkable results. Evangelicals of all denominations have united to prove the Power of Prayer."

Those associated with the Revival Fellowship in Wales believe that Revival is coming and that prayer will prepare the way. Wales has often been called "the land of revivals," but I was disappointed beyond measure at the lack of atmosphere.

Everywhere I went in Wales I noticed chapels and churches "Built 1860: Rebuilt 1905." Spiritual life awoke in these places in the '59 Revival, and to provide for that spiritual awakening the churches were built. Spiritual life flooded those places in the wonderful Revival of 1905, and to cope with that spiritual flood the churches were enlarged. But now the tide has ebbed away—now the life has gone, leaving the large empty shell of profession.

What is wrong to-day? Is Wales satisfied with her reputation for past awakenings? There was a time when every hillside in Wales was a beacon for the Gospel. There was a time when the fires were lighted here and there—spreading until Wales was a conflagration. There was a time when Wales sent her sons everywhere, over the border, over the sea, bearing the precious seed of Revival. There was a time when the multitudes were converted to the Lord.

*The glory has departed.*

"Return unto Me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts."

Will those who tell us that they have been through the Welsh Revival explain why there is no revival to-day?

"Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save: neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear."

Who'll pay the price?

"The Lord saw it—and wondered that there was no intercessor."

## CHAPTER VII

### WEST COUNTRY WORK

EXCEPT for another "interview" with a tramp, my journey via Gloucester to Cheltenham was uneventful. Early next morning I left to cross the Cotswold Hills. For an hour I wheeled the bicycle upwards, and on reaching fairly level ground, began to cycle again. Soon afterwards a terrific thunderstorm burst; I took shelter in a wood, but got soaked through. Torrential rain fell for hours, but at last it cleared, and I reached Cirencester in time to catch a train for Swindon.

At 8 p.m. I arrived in Bath and was greatly attracted by the posters outside Widcombe Baptist Church. An hour later I interviewed the pastor, the Rev. H. J. Galley. After a delightful conversation on spiritual things, I rose to go—although I did not know where I was going! I did not get very far from the door, for Mrs. Galley called me back and pressed me to stay.

During prayers in the morning Mr. Galley prayed thus: "Lord, we have been praying for rain. May it rain to the right of Thy young servant! May it rain to the left of him! May it rain in front of him, and rain behind him, but may not a drop fall on his head!" It made me feel like the "Charge of the Light Brigade" but the pastor's prayer was answered. In some places it stopped raining when

I arrived, and others I learned that it had rained after I left. I noticed thunderstorms a mile away, and I saw rain falling near by, but never once for months did I get wet.

In Bristol, I enjoyed the delightful company of devoted servants of the Lord, having stayed in Clifton as guest of Principal and Mrs. Sykes. A local vicar was a great help to me, advising me about all manner of things. Within two days we had gained the support of six Church of England ministers and six Free Church leaders—one from each group volunteering to act *s pro-tem*. Joint Secretaries. Many opportunities for service came my way in Bristol, and I enjoyed my stay in the city.

I left on the 18th cycling as far as Weston, being accompanied part of the way by Dick Nash, one of the B.C.M. College students: from Weston-super-Mare I went to Bridgwater, where I discovered my old friend, Gipsy John Hawkins, conducting a tent mission: after supper there, to Taunton, where I put up for the night: from Taunton to Cullompton over the Devon border, leaving this quiet but lovely spot (the possessor of a fine old church and an energetic vicar) to cycle into Exeter.

On the way I discovered that my most immediate needs amounted to pounds and that my balance in hand was 1s. 6½d. Leaving the matter in the hands of my Father, I rode straight to the G.P.O. There were several letters awaiting me, one of which I opened to discover the words, "Will you be good enough to accept the enclosed as a little token of Christian love and fellowship?" Enclosed was a cheque for the amount I needed. I cashed it in Plymouth.

In Exeter I did not stop long but cycled south-west. At six p.m. I reached Chudleigh and interviewed the vicar, the Rev. C. Harris. Shortly afterwards he invited me to stay and speak at the week-night service instead of going on to Plymouth as I had intended. We had a happy time.

In the morning at breakfast I told the vicar of my anxiety to reach Plymouth by 12 noon. It was then too late to cycle the whole distance, and to our dismay there was neither train nor 'bus suitable.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Orr?"

"Well," I said, "it seems to be impossible to reach Plymouth on time, but I'm going to try. I believe I'll do it, because I feel that it is God's will for me to get there."

Very simply the vicar knelt down: "Lord, it seems impossible, but enable Thy servant to reach Plymouth in time." I said good-bye and started riding harder than usual. Just as I reached shelter a thunderstorm broke, and the rain came down in torrents. I did not get wet, but the prospect of reaching Plymouth was more hopeless than ever. I kept praying about the Lord's promise to the vicar and me.

Strangely enough there was no traffic about. At last a motor lorry came in sight. I hailed the driver, explained my predicament, and asked for a lift. The driver shook his head and drove on.

From where I stood I could see the road for miles, but there was not a single vehicle on it. I prayed to the Lord all the more, asking Him not to let me down, and not to let Himself down. Then I realised that He couldn't do that. A moment later I heard the "honking" of a motor horn, but

was disappointed to hear that it was coming from Plymouth direction. To my surprise it was the driver whom I had hailed before; he had changed his mind and had come back for me! I arrived at my destination at 11.57 a.m. just in time. Four hours later I was in the train for Penzance, a hundred miles away. Being tired of cycling I left the bicycle in Plymouth.

On Monday 23rd, curiosity took me as far as Land's End, and I had to turn back for *once* in my life. At 7 p.m. I was again in Plymouth, and at 9 p.m. started to cycle in the direction of Torquay. At midnight—still toiling up the southern spurs of Dartmoor, and being tired out—I slipped into a hay field and slept out under the stars. The heavy fall of dew wakened me long before dawn and incidentally washed my face for me, so I got up again and cycled towards the coast, witnessing a lovely sunrise. I cycled on up the coast from Paignton through Torquay, Babbacombe and Teignmouth, arriving in Exeter about 7.30 a.m.

After breakfast I set off to see the Rev. D. M. Russell Jones, who proved to be on fire about the question of revival. (I heard in Exeter that he often rose up at three o'clock before dawn, to pray for an awakening among God's people.) He in turn directed me to the Rev. Owen M. Owen (well known as the secretary of the Llandrindod Convention, who proved equally enthusiastic).

Before I left him he wrote out a letter of introduction for me, and told me that if I presented it within twenty minutes to the Chairman of the Exeter United Prayer Meeting, I would probably be asked to speak. Knowing that time was precious

I raced my bicycle to the place of meeting, but arrived late. They had already begun with a hymn, and a local minister was ready to address the meeting. I sat down undecided.

"Is Mr. Marshall here," I asked in a whisper of the man beside me.

"He is," replied the man.

The letter was passed to him and in due course Mr. Marshall read it, only to put it away, for a moment later the minister began to read a portion of Scripture. I kept on praying the Lord to compel them to discuss revival whether I spoke or not.

"I have decided," said the speaker, a moment later, "to lay aside the address already prepared, for since coming here, my heart is burdened by the subject of revival."

As he went ahead with a deliberate appeal, Mr. Marshall looked at the letter again. During the hymn following, he passed it to the speaker who immediately called on me, voicing his amazement at finding his decision to speak about revival followed by a discovery that the secretary of a Revival Fellowship was present. Needless to say the peculiar circumstances assured a good hearing, and we enjoyed the time of blessing which followed.

Incidentally a gentleman present asked me to come and stay at his house in Exeter. I next visited Barnstaple and Ilfracombe, in North Devon, then Sidmouth, in South Devon, where I spoke at Emanuel Church. From there I cycled to Lyme Regis, completing the West of England tour of 1,500 miles at Weymouth.

I enjoyed the tour, for the West Country truly has a charm all its own—quiet Somerset, the beautiful

Cotswolds, the grandeur of Devon, the sub-tropical beauty of Cornwall, the Dorset coast, the Gloucester countryside—a beautiful area.

But I was reluctantly compelled to form the opinion that the beautiful West Country is poverty-stricken in gospel witness. Never in all my life did I meet so many people who seemed to be absolutely ignorant of the gospel.

Times without number I discovered that policemen, postmen, shopkeepers, and others to whom I applied for information, did not even know the meaning of the word "gospel" or "evangelical" or any such word which occurs in the common talk of the people elsewhere. Even after I had explained, they invariably replied that they "did not know anything about this religious business."

When I reached Cornwall I was astounded. This county, "Little Wales," the scene of many Methodist revivals, the land of Billy Bray—given over to secularism, overwhelmed by ritualism, overrun by ultra-modernism, spiritually dead. The pastor of one Cornish church put it briefly as "cause and effect."

"The Church," he said, "has been given over to Anglo-Catholicism, and the result is—no message and no conversions. Nonconformity in Cornwall discredits Holy Scripture, and the result is no power, and no conversions. Wherever the Gospel is preached in the power of the Spirit, there is blessing; but I venture to say that you will find precious few places of that kind."

Bristol, Bath and Exeter are among the keen places. Especially in Bristol is one conscious of the all-pervading atmosphere of prayer. The city which

witnessed George Müller's testimony has always been a centre for the Gospel, and a home for holiness. The Church of England in Bristol gave me a delightful surprise—for the parishes are well filled with Evangelicals. Again the Brethren of Bristol have produced some of the finest Christians; the Baptist churches are alive; the Methodist Central Hall is on fire for God; Arley Hill Congregational Church especially "witnesses a good confession." Travelling has given me a sort of sensitiveness to spiritual conditions—and the spiritual thermometer recorded a very high temperature in Bristol. That is why I worked so hard to get Bristol Christians to undertake the work of the Revival Fellowship in the West.

But in other places one sometimes hears a different tale, a tale of heart-rending spiritual poverty.

The son of a very energetic minister in Devon told me the same story in a different way.

"When we came here," he said, "we found the place almost dead, and Dad's heart was almost broken. One Sunday he announced a prayer meeting for Wednesday. The place was packed to the door, for old and young from all over the town came to see what on earth a prayer meeting was! Why, some of the oldest inhabitants of the town couldn't explain what such a thing as a prayer meeting was. As I was saying, the place was packed, and three or four besides Dad took part. Next week those three or four were again present, but no one else. Curiosity had been satisfied, and the minister's queer ideas were the talk of the town."

I could repeat dozens of stories which would illustrate the spiritual poverty in the West. In some places I asked myself, "Am I in Christian England?"

In one place the landlady asked me, "What is your profession, sir?"

"I'm an evangelist," I said.

"Pardon me, but what is that?"

"Gospel work!"

"I mean, is that a Government job? You see, with so many new professions, your one—evangelist, did you say?—beats me!"

Often one hears the sentence,

"We leave these matters to the parsons."

The parsons! Often blind leaders of the blind!

"And they were scattered because there is no shepherd—my sheep wandered—I will require my flock at their hand, and cause them to cease from feeding the flock."

A dozen men on fire for God, forsaking all, could shake the whole area. "For thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep and seek them out."



# CHAPTER VIII

## IN THE MIDLANDS

DURING the month of August, 1934, I toured the twelve English Midland Counties. It was a tour of difficulties, one of which was the fact that during the month of August my income suddenly dropped to 20% of my income for July: or in other words, sixpence was available for every previous half-crown. But this test of faith did not mean a period of inactivity.

Before starting I spent some days in London and Gravesend. In the latter place an amusing incident occurred. My friend, Will Hopkins, was speaking to a very small open-air crowd at the Ferry, for apart from the support of a dozen Christians few others were paying attention. Suddenly, a young man, obviously a stranger, began to cross-question the speaker, asking him if it really made any difference to be a Christian, etc. The crowd began to swell, for the Englishman dearly loves heckling, and it was more interesting still to hear a voice, foreign in accent when compared with Thames-side tongues, questioning the best-loved and most-criticised man in the town. Finally, the stranger challenged the speaker on the grounds of free speech, saying that if he believed in freedom of speech, let him prove it by allowing a stranger to give another side of the question. To the surprise of the crowd, now

trebled, Mr. Hopkins immediately vacated his stand as an invitation to the stranger to state his case. As soon as the stranger had announced that he was "a revolutionary," uproar ensued. One or two "drunks" became the noisy protagonists of the Christians, threatening the young man so much that Mr. Hopkins himself had to appeal for a fair hearing. Another uproar greeted the stranger, when he repeated he was a revolutionary. "Stay in Russia," "Clear out of here," "We don't want you," etc.—but he ignored the heckling and went on to address an ever-growing crowd on the revolution which was always necessary to cleanse a corrupt state. Cleansing was the object of the French Revolution—apart from its results—he said, and every thinking man believed that things were mostly corrupt nowadays. But, he asserted, the revolution which he believed in was the revolution in men's hearts. Their nature was so corrupt, not reformation, but a complete revolution was necessary. And the only power in this world to do that was the cleansing Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ!

The young stranger with the revolutionary ideas was the author, who then had the privilege of delivering an appeal to a crowd not often gathered in High Street. It was pathetic to find one of the "drunks," who had wanted to put me in the Thames, attempting to embrace me and offering to stand me a glass after the meeting.

I left Gravesend with 1s. 7d. to spare, and planned a tour which would cost £10. The Lord provided me with hospitality in the house of strangers (now friends), in Hertfordshire, and on the following day I reached Northampton, via Bedford.

Half an hour later I spoke at a Methodist Class meeting.

On the following day I visited Rugby, and Coventry and arrived in Birmingham for a longer stay. My headquarters for the time being were in a Working Men's Hostel, where I obtained a good breakfast—tea, bread, butter, egg and sausage—for 5½d. During the visit to Birmingham I interviewed about a dozen noted Christians some of whom were keen to link up in prayer for revival.

The next stop was Kidderminster, from thence to Shrewsbury, where again I had hospitality from complete strangers. Owing to lack of funds I was compelled to cycle most of the way, but this in itself was the means of *one* great joy. Up in the Salop hills I met a tramp and stopped him for a talk about Christ. I have dealt with about one hundred cases of this sort—and harder specimens it is impossible to find. Most of these men, genuinely seeking work, have been manufactured into vagrants. If a man presents himself at a casual ward for shelter he is compelled to work all the next day for it. The nearest casual ward may be twenty or thirty miles away, so it takes him all his time to reach it by nightfall. These circumstances combine to make him so disreputable that it is impossible to get a job. Incredible hardships ensue, and a deep bitterness takes hold of the tramp's heart. It is impossible for an ordinary Christian to reach these men with the Gospel. When one offers help it is readily accepted, but often with a look which may be interpreted "Curse your charity, I want a decent living!" Is it a wonder that many turn to petty crime and thus get along better than the honest ones? Gradually

declining self-respect gives way to vice, for there are many lodging houses where destitute tramps of the opposite sex are eager to have their night's lodging paid because of their destitution—and at a price which is disgusting. But the majority are genuine, and it is pathetic to see so many of them—I have seen hundreds of them on the Great North Road in a single day.

The particular man whom I met near Craven Arms was a Glasgow artisan who had lost his employment through the depression. He was forty years of age, and had no living relatives. My particular method with such cases was to tell them that I had been "on the road for ten months," and when their aroused curiosity prompted questions, I told them of answers to prayer. The fact that I knew what it was to sleep under the stars, or to walk all night to keep warm, gave me right of way to their hearts: and so it was with Kenneth F—. By and by I brought round the question of his soul's salvation, and was delighted to find that he was responsive. Kenneth decided for Christ there and then.

I decided to test him, so I told him that when he got to Shrewsbury he could go to the Police Station where he would find a New Testament which I would leave there for him. Most shady characters would not go near the police for a sovereign, much less a New Testament. A week later I received the following:

"I received the New Testament you kindly sent me, and I sat down by the roadside between Shrewsbury and Crosshouses (where I had to go to get shelter for the night) to read the verses you had marked. It made me more happy to know that I

am not suffering nearly as much as God did when He gave His only begotten Son——” I believe that he passed from death into life. God grant that he may find a job!

After visiting Hertfordshire, I started for Stoke-on-Trent, via Wem. The following day I reached Burton-on-Trent, where I was hoping (without an address) to find a Christian named Royall. The first man I stopped was his father! That night the Lord again provided for me in Derby at the hands of strangers. The day following I reached Nottingham, found four noted Evangelicals interested and was provided for in the usual wonderful way. Then followed a visit to Lincolnshire. In Grantham, a busy town on the Great North Road, I met a sergeant of the police who did not know the meaning of the terms *Evangelical*, *Gospel*, *Conversion*, etc. As a matter of fact he tried to tell me that I was a foreigner judging by my foreign expressions!

“You’re not English anyhow,” he said. I never thought that one would have to use the Missionary method of approach to pagans—in England! Who are to blame?—the pagans or the Christians?

During the last few days of the month I toured Leicestershire and Rutland. In Leicester the Lord opened many doors, for I was enabled to speak at a couple of meetings, win support from many Evangelicals, and arrange for the continuance of our English Midlands programme. I had the pleasure of meeting a group of Campaigners who were more than interested in the work.

On the 4th September I left Leicester, saying good-bye to the dear friends who had been my host and hostess; and at 8 p.m. I had reached the

Highgate home of my dearest friends in London. On the 5th came the privilege of speaking at the noon meeting of the City of London Y.M.C.A., in Aldersgate.

I have had good reason to be satisfied with the Midlands tour, for we have linked up prayer groups in each county in fellowship for revival.

But I also came to the conclusion that the spiritual state of the Midlands was a tragedy. In Birmingham I found that it was impossible to get leaders for our Council—for the simple yet tragic reason that there were not enough of them in this city of a million! That Birmingham has been the stronghold of anti-Bible teaching for generations was the explanation of one local leader, an opinion which was endorsed by all my other friends there.

Throughout the Midlands it is the same. Only a small proportion of the 6,500,000 population frequents a place of worship. The reasons for decline in the Church are worldliness and bad theology. I never saw so many anaemic platitudes on Church placards in all my life. Here is one bright specimen.

#### *Recreation or a Sermon*

“You need recreation of course,  
But your soul needs culture.  
Church attendance will give it.”

Humbug! The souls of the people do *not* need culture—they want saving! Once a man is soundly saved he obeys the command, “forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.” The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God. Why do they not

put up the words, "*Ye Must be Born Again*"? The reason is very obvious: they want to be soul-cultivators, not soul-winners, and that is the trouble. A week ago I spoke from a rostrum which bore the motto: "Preach Christ." And yet if you travel about the Midlands you will see the motto: "Your soul is like a garden, it needs cultivation." My sympathies are with the pagan, for he despises insipid phrases, and why go to a church which panders to the world? The pagan knows that soul-culture is a failure. Tell him that he needs to become regenerated by the power of God. Tell him that "Christ died for the ungodly!"

God grant the revival may sweep the Midlands—that the preaching of the Word of God may meet the need of the day!

## CHAPTER IX

## FROM THE SOLENT TO THE WASH

ON the 12th September, 1934, I commenced a tour of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Bedford, Hertford, Middlesex, Buckingham, Oxford, Berkshire, Hampshire, Sussex, Kent and London. Many of these counties had been visited before, but my purpose this time was to link up prayer groups. This region, from the Solent to the Wash, contains the most densely populated area in the world. Its total population is 15,000,000, half of whom live in London.

Several places, such as Colchester, Ipswich, Wimbledon, Norwood and Islington, are reputed centres of spiritual life. Let us examine one! According to the World Dominion Survey, the 1933 population of Islington was 321,712; there are 132 churches, seating capacity 81,471, total church attendance 41,123. In other words one in eight attend a place of worship (synagogue, chapel, seance, or anything!) I myself have visited 13 of Islington's 49 closed down places of worship! Having spent months in the district I had the opportunity of visiting various churches—and the average attendance, Non-conformist or Church of England, was very low. I have heard an Evangelist friend state to a congregation of 800 in Belfast, that if the minister of the Islington church where he was going next,

could see this congregation, he would have a "blue fit." *And yet Islington is stated to be the most Evangelical deanery in the Church of England!*

Let this be taken as an index for the whole area, for over twelve million in it are unreached by the Gospel of the Scriptures. One young pagan told me: "I leave this 'ere religious business to parsons, I do."

And yet, I had the joy of winning a dozen young men for Christ soon after I arrived in London. The reason of the paganism is that High Criticism and Sacerdotalism have taken the place of the Gospel.

I visited Colchester, Ipswich, Lowestoft, Norwich, Cambridge, Bedford, St. Neots and Ware, in the first section of the tour. Starting from London again, I met a series of reverses and trials.

In Hertford, Buckingham, Oxford and Berkshire, I was absolutely unsuccessful. I had nothing to eat for a whole day, and this was followed by a wetting and a night out, and I arrived back in London with three farthings. Though much disposed to go off to Kent for a rest, I set out for the Thames Valley again, was *successful* this time, but fasted (!) for another whole day, sleeping that night in the crypt of St. Martin's in the Fields! I comforted myself by reading 2 Corinthians xi. 23-33.

A visit to the south coast completed the tour, and on September 28th, 1934, I was back in London from Brighton—exactly one year from the day which began my first tour in faith. It is surely significant that I had completed my tour of every part of Britain on the anniversary of the day when my Rover Scout pal said that would be 10,000 miles of miracle.

## CHAPTER X

## "I KNOW WHOM I HAVE BELIEVED"

RETROSPECT should inspire confidence—hitherto hath the Lord helped us; the Lord will provide—and a review of the events of the past year calls for praise. It has been a great privilege to win souls for the Master; it has been a special delight to lead others to the place of blessing; but the overflowing joy has been in getting to know the Lord Whom I love. To attest the Abounding Providence of God the Father, to affirm the Abiding Presence of our Lord Jesus, to advocate the Absolute Partnership of the Holy Spirit, as lasting joys.

Our beloved brother, Paul, once wrote, "My God shall supply all your need." *Can God?* Many folk think that money is the acid test. When I started out my total assets were 2s. 8½d., yet the Lord provided hundreds of pounds; I had not the prospect of a single meal or a bed—I have not lacked either; I had no idea how mother would be provided for, but the Lord has provided.

And the Revival Fellowship has grown from a local prayer union to a movement supported by hundreds of prayer groups all over the country. Hudson Taylor has said:

"There is a living God; He has spoken in the Bible; He means what He says and will do all that He has promised."



What a wonderful God He is! It will take all eternity to get to know Him.

Ten years after my conversion I began to realize that I did not know the Lord any better. A friend of mine—the Rev. Ernest Hudson Taylor—prayed for me, and as a result, his correspondence was mightily used to make me dissatisfied with my ignorance of God. Once he wrote, "I pray God always that you may follow in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus, of Paul, of my dear father." Those words burned themselves into my soul, making my desire just the very words quoted in the same letter: "I count all things but loss that I may *know* Him."

It will take all eternity to get to know Him. But it is a great joy to have a foretaste here below, and to be able to witness to His Abounding Providence.

When our Lord Jesus invited us to carry on His work, He bequeathed a very precious legacy—"Lo, I am with you alway." He walks with us, talks with us, encourages us, makes His presence felt. Without His Abiding Presence, one could never have survived some of the trials by the wayside—the loneliness, the bitter cold—weariness and fed-up hopelessness within—persecution, unkind words, false brethren, misunderstandings, backslidings and trials without. To know that Jesus is near is more than a compensation; it is an unspeakable joy.

I was once asked to speak on the subject: "What Christ means to me!" It is impossible to tell in a lifetime what He means to me. "Yea, He is altogether lovely."

I shall never forget the vision of Christ upon the Cross. What He endured for us! In the words of the psalmist, "I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws. I may tell all my bones, they look and stare upon me."<sup>1</sup>

I cannot forget the picture this scripture brings to my mind—the Messiah hanging upon the cross, blood from the crown of thorns, and tears of agony, mingling on His face, with the dirty spits of the Roman soldiers, and covering the bruised lips where they buffeted Him. And yet He cried out, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Around Him were the sightseers, deriding Him. "All they that see Me, laugh Me to scorn; they shoot out the lip, they wag the head";<sup>1</sup> "I am weary of My crying; My throat is dried; Mine eyes fail while I wait for My God. They that hate Me without a cause are more than the hairs of My head."<sup>2</sup>

"Reproach hath broken My heart and I am full of heaviness; I looked for some to lament, but there was none: and for comforters, but I found none."<sup>2</sup>

Truly He endured the cross and despised the shame.

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed."<sup>3</sup>

Can you wonder why it is I love Him so? The love of Christ constraineth us.

<sup>1</sup> Psalm xxii.

<sup>2</sup> Psalm lxix.

<sup>3</sup> Isaiah liii.



"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but emptied Himself, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."<sup>1</sup>

"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me."<sup>2</sup>

His own promise is, "Lo, I am with you alway," and we shall have His Abiding Presence until the day of His appearing.

"Even so—come quickly, Lord Jesus."

Six weeks before I left home on the King's business I made the second greatest discovery of my life—that the Power of the Holy Ghost was for every believer.

Undoubtedly the greatest discovery was made when I realised that Christ was my Saviour. But as I grew up I underestimated the power of the Adversary, and got into bondage through playing about with sin. Then the Lord opened my eyes to see my own weakness.

For three years I sought more and more to be filled with the Holy Spirit. But sin stopped me time and time again, and I reached the end of my tether through trying to work for God in my own strength. But about midnight on the 14th August,

<sup>1</sup> Philippians ii.

<sup>2</sup> Galatians ii. 20.

1933, I realised that the main obstacle to blessing was not my foolish wandering, but rather my stubborn unbelief. As the truth dawned, I called on the Lord to apply the precious blood to cleanse me from the guilt of unbelief. From the moment of yielding as a willing sacrifice, the Holy Spirit became the Working Partner.

With the vision of the Lord upon the throne, comes the realisation "I am unclean," but when the sin is purged, the cry becomes "Here I am, Lord send me." So the journey began with the Holy Spirit in charge of both labourer and labour for God.

But the plan does not work unless it is Absolute Partnership.

Some time ago I met an earnest young student for the ministry who asked me a very blunt question, "What is it that many Christians have, that I haven't got?"

"What do *you* think?" I replied.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "I need to be filled with the Holy Spirit."

Did it make any difference? Here is his own testimony:

"My dear brother, Do not trouble to answer this letter, which is just to tell you how thankful I am to God for allowing us to meet. Some things have God's special seal upon them, and I know that this has been so in our meeting. The great thing is that I feel that God has done *something* for me which will not need to be done over again, though I pray it may be continually renewed day by day. Simple trust, in a new way, has taken

the place of devastating doubt and my heart responds more to the claims of Christ's love. I believe that there is soon to be a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit and reviving of God's people, and that God will do much through the Fellowship for Revival to hasten this." . . . A week later he wrote: "I was glad to hear that you had reached your destination safely. I had a wonderful weekend last week—a day of blessed service and rejoicing. I have a new joy in praying and great liberty in speaking about Christ.

"It is the great inheritance of every believer to launch into the depths of the fulness of the Spirit."

Jesus said: "When the Comforter is come, Whom I will send you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me."<sup>1</sup>

The Comforter, the Paraclete, the Advocate, the Representative of Christ, must dwell in our hearts, must become our Working Partner. His work is to glorify Christ, and to convict the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Our duty is to become pliant instruments in His hands.

When I first started to think about the matter, I imagined that the Absolute Partnership of the Holy Spirit would mean the cramping of individuality. It has not been so, for the Spirit takes our personalities, sanctifies them, develops them, and makes us individual powers for God.

It is related that one day Charles Finney looked

<sup>1</sup> John xv. 26.

at a scoffer, and the scoffer got saved; such was the power of the Spirit in a sanctified life. It is said that Evan Roberts used to look around an assembly—and souls came under conviction, such was the flow of the Spirit's power through a clean channel.

The fulness of the Holy Spirit is a reality, and His Working Partnership is a fact. I walked into a garage one day and found the proprietor swearing at a mechanic. There were two other strangers like myself in the garage at the time, and yet the swearer turned instead to me and apologised.

"Don't apologise to me," I said, "you are answerable to God alone for taking His name in vain."

That man came under conviction of sin. On another occasion, I accepted a lift from a lorry driver on the Great North Road, and when I began to testify of Christ to the driver's mate, he warned me in a whisper not to mention Him to the driver, who professed to be a bitter atheist. The very mention of Christ, he said, was sufficient to put him into a devilish rage. I simply prayed for strength to witness a good confession. At Grantham we had a meal together, and as soon as I sat down, the driver began to look very uncomfortable. Finally he removed his cap, bowed his head, and requested me in a broken voice to return thanks to God. That was the operation of the Working Partner. Again, I have been privileged to speak to many thousands of people all over Britain—and I can scarcely remember a meeting which did not result in blessing for believers, or conviction of sinners. But it is *not in me* to be a blessing to anyone—I am the chief of sinners, and most unworthy of saints.

I love the Welsh name for the Holy Spirit,—Aspir Glan—the “clean” Spirit. Our Working Partner cannot abide any uncleanness in thought, word or deed. When He is grieved He stops working, and we soon know the difference.

But the love of Christ ought always to constrain us—ought always to make us honour His Representative within us.

Christ is the Divine Intercessor in Heaven—the Holy Spirit is the Divine Intercessor on Earth. It is impossible, therefore, to pray the prayer of faith or praise the Lord without the Spirit's unction. Personally I believe in all the gifts of the Spirit. Some dear friends say that these gifts were manifest only at the *beginning* of this dispensation, but study of Scripture leads me to believe that they are manifest with every great outpouring of the Spirit. Undoubtedly they were more prominent in the decades which followed Pentecost; undoubtedly they will be again prominent when the Spirit is outpoured before the coming of the Lord.

But the most important concern of the believer is not the gifts, but the Gift which is given by the Lord to them that ask.

My testimony is that 10,000 miles around Britain is a practical test which enables and compels me to advocate the Absolute Partnership of the Holy Spirit.

Regarding the future, I am preparing to go to Scandinavia,<sup>1</sup> and I hope to tour Canada, United

<sup>1</sup> See “Prove Me Now—10,000 Miles of Miracle to Moscow” and “The Promise is to You—10,000 Miles of Miracle to Palestine” for the story of travels in twenty-six other European countries.

States, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa, as usual, without a human guarantee of support, financially or otherwise.

The work of linking up prayer groups, the programmes of the Revival Fellowship, my plans for the future, everything must be counted as secondary to the real call which is the preaching of full surrender and the quickening of the hope of revival.

A letter from a well-known Evangelist arrived to-day, stating that, “I am exceedingly sorry that I do not feel led to link up with your movement in any active sense, as I cannot add to my further responsibilities. *My only link will be that which is true of all the people of God who share in the fellowship of prayer*, and in that sense at the Throne of Grace I shall be one with you. . . .”

That is the only link which counts. I am deeply appreciative of all the work of my colleagues in the movement which is now known as the Revival Fellowship, but I say without hesitation that the fellowship which matters most is the fellowship of prayer for revival, a fellowship which is called of God apart from any membership. If my colleagues (God forbid) were to send in their resignations, would it make much difference at the Throne of Grace? Let us keep our movement a fluid spiritual force rather than a rigid organisation. If the links between our prayer groups were to fall asunder, if the Revival Fellowship Councils cease to be, let us be content to pray on for Revival, for prayer is the key of heaven.

Nevertheless, it is significant to note that the Revival Fellowship had gathered the cream of the Evangelical cause together. Two years ago we

prayed that the movement (then two strong) might become an instrument for Revival; to-day three hundred associated prayer groups are praying that it may become a greater instrument for Revival. God will answer our prayers, provided we fulfil His conditions—full surrender.

A lady in Wales asked me if my heart would break at the thought of dying without seeing the Revival. I told her that I had already seen it with the eye of faith.

How Revival will come I know not—God knows. But when it comes I pray God that we all may be used to lead multitudes to Christ. If I fall asleep to-morrow, I shall be happy to rest in the knowledge that the Holy Spirit moved my heart and tongue and lips to pray for a mighty ingathering of souls. He cannot deny Himself.

Even as I write I have news of progress in Ireland, the North of England, Wales, and elsewhere, and news of difficulties, too. One thing we know—the Lord is still on the Throne, and He will yet make bare His mighty arm.

"To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory, and majesty, dominion, and power, both now and ever."

## CHAPTER XI

## FULL SURRENDER

OUR beloved brother Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, presents such an array of facts that any evasion of their logical conclusion is rendered impossible.

The first chapters, apart from introduction, contain a most scathing indictment of sin, pointing out that all are guilty before God. This is summed up in the words, "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."<sup>1</sup>

The next argument taken up is justification by faith, and the conclusion is given in the words, "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."<sup>2</sup>

The third argument presented to the mind is that of practical holiness—"Walking after the Spirit." Included in its scope is the subject so dear to the heart of Paul, the position of his kinsmen after the flesh. But the conclusion of the argument is found in the words, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, your reasonable sacrifice."<sup>3</sup>

It is not my intention to give a treatise on the Epistle to the Romans—abler pens than mine have been put to that task. I want to emphasise the fact

Romans iii. 23.      <sup>1</sup> Romans v. 1.      <sup>2</sup> Romans xii. 1.

—so often overlooked—that the summing up of the dissertation on holiness is formed in the words of the entreaty just quoted. The entreaty itself is more than that—it is the summing up of the whole Epistle.

We must not forget that the Apostle was writing to the saints whose *faith* was spoken of throughout the whole world. Hence he did not appeal to them to exercise their faith for justification—they had already done so, thus enabling him to say, "We have peace with God." He simply recapitulated the doctrines involved in their already-past experience, and used his summary as a basis of an appeal for full surrender. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God . . ."

In that appeal is involved "Salvation and Sanctification before Service," the message for to-day.

Could a sacrifice be called "living" apart from the work of regeneration? Could a sacrifice be termed "holy, acceptable unto God" apart from the work of Sanctification? The verse that follows amplifies this:

"And be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God."<sup>1</sup>

The tragedy of to-day is that Christians insist on attempting to serve God in their own way instead of in the appointed way. The experience of the writer was bitter failure, time and time again, through trying to work for God in his own strength. It is true with the majority of believers—either through sheer ignorance or stubborn unbelief. If it were not true, the world would be a different place, for the "reasonable service" of the whole household of

<sup>1</sup> Romans xii. 2.

faith would turn the world upside down as much as it did in Apostolic days.

If you want to serve God, "present your body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God"—it is your reasonable service.

We are entreated "by the mercies of God."

Did we ever do anything to deserve the free gift of God, eternal life? Freely ye have received, freely give. Was not the crowning mercy of God the sacrifice on Calvary? If He gave His only begotten Son for us, what shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits? He asks for all that we can give. If He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, shall we be niggardly when He asks our reasonable service?

Our Risen Lord Jesus stands before us and says, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing."<sup>1</sup> And the sight of the nail-pierced hands, and the wounded side make us cry out, "My Lord and my God!"

But Jesus Himself said,

"Why call Me, 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things which I say?"<sup>2</sup>

He does not want the lip-service of sentimental humbug; He wants the heart-service of reasonable honesty. What is more, He needs it.

"My son, give me thy heart. . . ."

If the Law required us to love the Lord with all our heart, we should not withhold it under Grace. Full surrender is our reasonable service and "the love of Christ constraineth us."

"He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

<sup>1</sup> John xx. 27.

<sup>2</sup> Luke vi. 46.

He cannot be satisfied with the believer who denies him honest obedience.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus. . . . Who emptied Himself . . . took upon Him the form of a servant . . . humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

We ought to follow His example—to empty ourselves—to become servants—to humble ourselves—and to become obedient, even to the crucifixion of our old man.

"For even hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow in His steps."<sup>1</sup>

I remember well a most pathetic scene which took place in a County Down Hospital. My mother, sister, and brother had come with me to say good-bye to my dying brother, Alan. His death a couple of days later was the end of a six years battle against disease.

Alan asked us to sing something for him; many a time had our family sung together at home, but these circumstances were different—each one of us was afraid of breaking down and crying. So Alan decided to sing something himself. I shall never forget the quivering voice, dilated brown eyes, the awful gasps for breath as he began to sing the words of Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn:

"O for a heart to praise my God;  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that's sprinkled by the blood  
So freely shed for me.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Peter ii. 21.

"A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone.

"A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

"A heart in every thought renewed  
And filled with love divine,  
Perfect and right, and pure and good;  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

"Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart  
Thy new best name of Love."

"Lovest thou Me?" said Jesus to Simon Peter after Calvary and before Pentecost, and He asked the question thrice.

"Follow Me!" was the command which attended the question, and the command was uttered twice.

The true place of full surrender comes between the New Birth and the Mighty Filling of the Holy Spirit. Sometimes all three happen almost simultaneously; but more often nowadays—through lack of teaching—some time elapses between each experience.

The baptism of the Holy Spirit was given once and for all at Pentecost. The gift of eternal life was offered once and for all at Calvary. But to suggest



that every believer is filled with the Holy Spirit is just like asserting that every creature is saved for eternity.

The Holy Spirit will not be poured into a vessel which is not clean. The Welsh call Him the "Aspir Glan"—clean spirit.

During the winter, once, in Ireland, we turned on the drinking-water tap, but no water came. The plumber came and examined the connections, but still no water came. Then we discovered that a pipe which was exposed to the air contained a lump of hard and muddy ice. If we had prayed till doomsday and had left that lump unfrozen, no water would have come. How could it?

Since conversion we have had the connections laid on; but no water has come. Beware, there may be some muddy, frozen obstacle.

No believer need despair about receiving the Holy Spirit, for Christ Jesus is more eager to fill us than we are to be filled. The greatest hindrance is our stubborn unbelief—but there is power in the precious blood to cleanse us of that sin. The favourite phrase of Evan Roberts was "Remember the *blood!* Catch the *flame!*" Too often we forget about the blood of Christ—to our cost.

In the Prayer Book is a phrase which wants broadcasting nowadays: **I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST.** The Believer who is earnestly seeking to be used of God, ought to make sure that there is no obstacle—great or small—to blessing. Let him present his body as a living sacrifice, and then ask the Lord to fill him with the Holy Ghost, remembering that the Messiah said, "How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Think of the many men of God who sought blessing in the same way: the disciples, Paul, John Wesley, Charles Finney, Dr. Torrey, Andrew Murray, William Booth, Bishop Moule, Zinzendorf, and a host of others—truly a great cloud of witnesses.

We need another Pentecost. Is the price too great?

The purpose of this book is to reiterate Paul's entreaty, and the prayer of the author is that every reader may be filled with the Holy Spirit.

**"PRESENT YOUR BODIES A LIVING SACRIFICE, HOLY, ACCEPTABLE UNTO GOD,—YOUR REASONABLE SERVICE."**

"May the God of Peace . . . make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever"

## CHAPTER XII

### PRAYER AND THE COMING REVIVAL

*Revival is coming: and united prayer will be its forerunner.*

MANY are responding to the clarion call, preparing by consecration and intercession.

Nevertheless, I remember on one occasion—up north—going to see the pastor of a church which *seemed* to be the spiritual centre of the neighbourhood. Many friends told me that this brother builded all his doctrine on Holy Scripture and that his church was equally sound, all its members professing conversion. Consequently, I took it for granted that the pastor and flock would be equally keen about prayer for revival. I got a rude shock and a great disappointment—for the pastor refused point-blank to pray for revival.

"The word of God," he affirmed, "clearly states that there will be no revival now."

No matter how much I reasoned from the Scriptures, he would not listen to me. His mind was already made up, for the Bible, he said, stated that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse."<sup>1</sup> So what's the good of praying for a revival which will never come? He told me, that, as apostasy would increase, the best thing for Christians to do was to wait patiently for the coming of the Lord!

A pernicious doctrine!

It is quite evident from the Scriptures that apostasy will increase, and it is more than obvious that

<sup>1</sup> 2 Timothy iii. 13.

apostasy is increasing at the present time. But why twist the predictions of Scripture to the point of distortion in order to prove that prayer for revival is a waste of time? "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."<sup>1</sup>

The Apostle Peter warns us<sup>2</sup> that the Epistles contain things which the unlearned are liable to misunderstand and to twist to their own ruin,—otherwise one could scarcely find an excuse for them.

But we, who earnestly expect revival, have both the witness of the Book, and the witness of the Spirit within. Personally, if I had not this two-fold assurance, I would run away home. The Scriptures are very clear about the matter and it is preposterous to suggest that the burden for revival, laid on so many hearts, was put there by Satan—or put there to mock us!

The worst feature of this pernicious doctrine of "no revival in our time" is that it tries to take the foundation of Scriptural teaching from our hope of revival, thus robbing us of our faith and rendering us powerless—and prayerless.

*The object of the prayer of faith must be in accordance with God's will as revealed in the Scriptures.*

But before we search for references to the coming Revival, let us ask ourselves the question—What is Revival?

Revival is the return to activity from a state of neglect—primarily, the quickening of the spiritual life in *believers* who have become indifferent. By increasing the spiritual power of the Christians, Revival wins multitudes of sinners for Christ;

<sup>1</sup> Isaiah lix. 19.   <sup>2</sup> 2 Peter iii. 16-17.

consequently Revival is often confused with the results of revival, soul-winning.

The words of my dear friend Dr. Horace Philp are very true:

"What is revival? It is not an Evangelistic campaign, or a series of special meetings. The way the word has been prostituted so as to mean to many nothing more than the visit of an itinerant Evangelist, displays terrible ignorance, which savours of profanity.

"What is revival in Nature? Yonder is a gaunt, gnarled tree, that has withstood many a blast. What a miserable object it is, with a few withered leaves still clinging to its lifeless limbs! But go back in the spring. What a change! The old dead leaves have all dropped off, and the tree is radiant with a new life, that has come pulsating from within. In the physical realm, revival means, not the coming of some new exotic parasite seeking either to camouflage, or to replace the old tree, but the new life and growth in the already existent.

"The parallel is true also in the spiritual realm. Revival is not a matter of organising; but it bursts through human plans and organization, sending new streams of life into undreamt-of channels.

"The writer was conducting a service in his own mission station in 1920, when a revival broke out. Immediately, his time-table, and the existing routine of the neighbourhood, was gloriously upset; but lives were straightened out, and God became to all, the Living God.

"Whence comes revival? From God the Holy Ghost alone, the Lord and Giver of Life (John 3-8.

Ezek. 37-39). And He cannot be commanded, but must be obeyed (Acts 5-32). Obedience, faith and prayer are still the only human factors that can bring revival."

Revival was never more needed than to-day.<sup>1</sup> The message to the church of the Laodiceans paints a vivid picture of the church which needs revival:

"Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich. . . .

"As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore and repent.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me."

The church of to-day in gazing at the picture of the church of the Laodiceans, discovers it to be a mirror of herself.

No one will suggest that the spiritual poverty and smug self-satisfaction of the picture is the ideal of the Lord for the body of Christ. The antidote is revival, and revival must always be the Will of God. To refuse to pray for revival (as hopeless) is like impudently telling the Lord that his power is limited. Unfortunately, I have discovered that

<sup>1</sup> Revelation iii. 16-20.

an alarming proportion of believers are possessed of this defeatist attitude. May God open their eyes!

In the book of the prophet Joel<sup>1</sup> we find the prediction of the mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit (which was quoted by the Apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost). That Pentecost was a fulfilment, no one could attempt to deny—it is too obvious. But the fulfilment was partial—or to use a much better word, it was a fulfilment in first-fruits. The work has gone on right down the ages, each generation being visited in some way.

It is worthy of special note that the prophecy mentions "that great and notable day of the Lord," and proceeds to describe it. That day has not come as yet, but it is close at hand. Is it unreasonable to expect that the climax in the outpouring will be reached "before the great and terrible day of the Lord"?

The Lord is coming soon—and a completed Church will welcome Him. When will it be completed—and how?

James the Just exhorts<sup>2</sup> us to "suffer with long patience unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the *early and the latter rain*. Be ye also patient: stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."

There have been many showers during nineteen hundred years which have elapsed since the first cloudburst of blessing. But we must wait patiently for the downpour which will precede the coming of the Lord. The church of to-day is down-and-out: the spirit will be down-and-out also—down-poured and outpoured! Pentecost brought the first

<sup>1</sup> Joel ii. 28-32.

<sup>2</sup> James v. 7-8.

of the precious fruit of the earth, like the former rain: now we pray for the last of the precious fruit, brought as by the latter rain. Then shall the Husbandman, the Lord of the harvest, see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

Can he be satisfied with the Church in decline? Will he wind up His affairs with every one of His children holding his head in shame? Apostasy is increasing, but those who love the Lord will have the privilege of pulling down some mighty strongholds of Satan ere long.

The prayer of the Prophet Habakkuk<sup>1</sup> mentions the coming of the Lord from the south quarter, but prefaces it with the cry, "O Lord, Revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

With David we cry, "Wilt Thou not revive us again?"

"Come and let us return unto the Lord . . . and He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and the former rain unto the earth."<sup>2</sup>

That united, believing prayer has been the forerunner of revival, no one will doubt. One has yet to hear of a revival which did not come in answer to prayer.

The Old Testament abounds with instances of answers to prayer of God's people for revival. One of the best examples is the revival<sup>3</sup> of Mizpeh. It began with a sense of need, resulted in repentance with united prayer, continued in confession by united prayer, and culminated in victory through united prayer. The conditions were simple:

"If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts . . . then prepare your hearts unto the

<sup>1</sup> Habakkuk iii.    <sup>2</sup> Habakkuk iii.    <sup>3</sup> 1 Samuel vii. 1-14.

Lord and serve Him only; and He will deliver you. . . ."

When these stipulations were made a bargain, Samuel said, "Gather all the *prevailers with God* (ISRAEL) to the *place of watchfulness* (MIZPEH), and I will pray for you unto the Lord."

With prayer and confession, "We have sinned against the Lord. . . . Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us."

What a lesson for us! Let us gather the prevailers with God to the place of watchfulness for prayer and confession.

We are overburdened with the sense of need—God grant that it may result in repentance, confession and victory through united prayer.

Exactly the same thing happened at Pentecost, when multitudes heard the message "Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." Satan got a shaking that day, and Hallelujah, he has not recovered from it yet.

How true are the words of the late Dr. A. T. Pierson, "From the day of Pentecost, there has been *not one* great spiritual awakening in any land which has not begun in a union of prayer, though only among two or three; no such outward, upward movement has continued after such prayer meetings have declined; and it is in exact proportion to the maintenance of such joint and believing supplication and intercession that the word of the Lord in any land or locality has had free course and been glorified."

The great Moravian Revival began with united prayer at Herrnhut (=the Lord's Watch=MIZPEH) and it shook the world. Rev. John Greenfield, in

*Power from on High*, states: "Truly the great Moravian Revival of 1727 was preceded and followed by most extraordinary praying!"

The mighty Wesleyan Revival can be traced to united prayer at London's famous old watchtower, Aldersgate.

The wonderful American Revival of 1858, according to John Shearer, in *Old Time Revivals*, "should be known as the Revival of the united Prayer Meeting . . . and when the American Church awoke to the full consciousness of the miracle, it found that from the East to West, and from North to South the whole land was alive with daily united prayer meetings . . . it was as if a vast cloud of blessing hovered over land and sea. And ships as they drew near the American Ports, came within a definite zone of Heavenly influence . . . ship after ship arrived with the same tale of sudden conviction and conversion!"

The amazing Ulster Revival of 1859, began through united prayer. It started in an old country barn, and prayer meetings were multiplied throughout the north. My grandfather told us of farmers, on their way home from the market in Ballymena, being smitten down in the roadway.

The vigorous Welsh Revival had its beginning in united prayer, spreading, from near Gorseinon, all over the principality.

The sweeping Korean Revival of our own day was preceded by years of united praying.

The coming revival has already begun in united prayer.

Matthew Henry said: "When God intends great mercy for his people, He first of all sets them a-praying."



Much prayer is ascending to God from intercessors all over the British Isles. Prayer is being mobilised in a wonderful way. The word "mobilised" is preferable to "organised." Some one has defined "organisation" as man's interference with God's workings: quite often it deserves that definition!

But to mobilise prayer is to make the best use of a great gift of God. Hundreds of Prayer Groups in Britain are in fellowship for revival, and their prayers are being used in a more fruitful way. The Revival Fellowship itself exists with a minimum of organisation, and that minimum is used only to keep believers informed of one another's needs. To suggest that this is man's interference with God's workings is ludicrous.

It is very necessary to pray that the Revival Fellowship may be kept free from unnecessary organisation, and that it may remain a spiritual force which can touch the life of every believer. The thousands of saints who have pledged themselves to full surrender have submitted to the leading of the Holy Spirit. Let us leave the matter there. The Holy Spirit will assuredly make good use of these instruments, and He will brook no interference. It is not necessary to have a rigid subscribing membership, for our covenant of full surrender is a bargain with Almighty God. It is seldom necessary to start new meetings—the meetings already exist, but they need to be re-vitalised. Said a Christian worker to me, "Not a power on earth is able to stop the prayer of faith." If that is so, let us capture the Prayer Meetings of Britain for God. It can be done: it must be done; it will be done.

Possibly hundreds of thousands of people in Britain are seeking to be revived—who can say? Thousands of these have pledged themselves to

full surrender in the Revival Fellowship. The local councils in Ireland, Wales, North of England, etc., and the Scottish Evangelistic Council are simply bodies of men who have undertaken to keep the Revival Fellowship, or its equivalent, informed. The fact that our councils consist of leaders of every denomination, saints of great talent, men of proved experience, believers filled with the Holy Ghost, is a sure indication that when the Revival does come, they will also be used of God in many ways other than directing prayer. But to help other Christians to pray aright is the greatest privilege of all.

One would rather be used of God to influence the prayers of ten thousand saints than control the Bank of England, for prayer can do what money cannot do. We know that John Wesley did more to shape the destiny of Britain than all his contemporaries in the political world.

It is perhaps significant to note the part played by youth in this movement. The prophet Joel allocates to youth the active work and to the elder brethren the advisory responsibility; we need the consecrated vigour of youth along with the sanctified experience of age. The average age of the original council of the Revival Fellowship was twenty-three, but we have now the help of many octogenarians. A white-haired friend of mine said to me (shortly after my twenty-second birthday): "We must be careful, Orr, to prevent the old fogies from getting us into a rut. Young fellows like you and me are needed for a young man's job!"

It is true that some "old fogies" with fixed ideas would get us into a rut. But we have found that many elder brethren possess spiritual power that young folk have not dreamed of. The filling of



the Holy Spirit keeps a man young, no matter what his age may be.

When the Revival Fellowship was but a few months old, a Missionary from Peru asked me quite a number of questions about the movement. After outlining the position to him, I assured him that we would welcome his co-operation.

"My dear brother," he said softly, "I have been in the Revival Fellowship for *ten years!*"

He had the right idea. God forbid that we should create a new organisation with paraphernalia of red-tape. The Lord is our Leader—let us take our Orders from Him.

An American publication was right when it described the Revival Fellowship as "unique." Its Founder and Leader is the Holy Spirit; its head is our Lord Jesus Christ; its object is to prepare for revival; its basis is the teaching of the Scriptures; and its method is full surrender and prayer.

One of our young leaders, in the early days, was assuring a prayer group in Belfast that there was nothing complicated about Revival Fellowship movement. He was asked to explain in detail what the obligations were.

"There is really nothing to explain," he said, "for full surrender is all that is asked."

"All that is asked," re-echoed Rev. Cassells Cordner who was present. "My dear brother, you are asking for EVERYTHING."

That is what is meant by "All that is asked!"

The promise of the Holy Spirit is to us—and to as many as the Lord our God shall call.

Looking earnestly for the coming of the Lord, let us pray that we may not be ashamed at His coming.

*Let us magnify Jesus.*